

NEW
SERIES

JUNE

VOL.
2

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR."

All the Year Round

a
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

PART 7.

PRICE
NINEPENCE.

1869

LONDON
26 WELLINGTON ST.
STRAND.

Vol.
27 to 30

CONTENTS OF PART VII.

No. XXVII.

WRECKED IN PORT. Book III.	PAGE
Chapter IV. Canvassing	1
As the Crow Flies. Due East. Saffron Walden and Thaxted to Harwich	7
The Universe	10
The Wreck off Calais	12
NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.	
A Plea for Total Abstinence	13
Lost and Found in the Snow	15
Popular Songs of Italy	19
Tom Butler. A Boy's Hero. In Six Chapters.	
Chapter I. The Hill	20

No. XXVIII.

WRECKED IN PORT. Book III.	PAGE
Chapter V. Baffled	25
The Omnibus in London and in Paris	29
Nobody Abroad	32
The Old World and the New	37
Looking in at Shop Windows	37
Authentic Singhalese Genealogy	43
Tom Butler. A Boy's Hero. In Six Chapters.	
Chapter II. The Fight	44

No. XXIX.

WRECKED IN PORT. Book III.	PAGE
Chapter VI. An Incomplete Victory	49
As the Crow Flies. Due East. Harwich to Ipswich	54
An Elizabethan Adventurer	57
Two to One	60
Puebla	60
An Apology for Verse	65
Tom Butler. A Boy's Hero. In Six Chapters.	
Chapter III. Uncle Jack	67
Chapter IV. An Expedition	70

No. XXX.

WRECKED IN PORT. Book III.	PAGE
Chapter VII. The Shattering of the Idol	73
As the Crow Flies. Due East. Sudbury to Lowestoft	78
Columbia Square Market	84
My First Money	85
A Bengal Magistrate	87
Tom Butler. A Boy's Hero. In Six Chapters.	
Chapter V. The Funeral	91
Chapter VI. Tom's Finale	94

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE BEST ARTICLES

AT

DEANE'S.

DEANE'S—Celebrated Table Cutlery, every variety of style and finish.

DEANE'S—Electro-plated Spoons and Forks, best manufacture, strongly plated.

DEANE'S—Electro-plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Liqueur Stands, Cruets, Cake Baskets, &c.

DEANE'S—Dish Covers and Hot-water Dishes, Tin Dish Covers in sets, 18s., 30s., 40s., 63s., 78s.

DEANE'S—Papier-Maché Tea Trays in sets, from 21s., new and elegant patterns.

DEANE'S—Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns, with Loy-sell's and other patent improvements.

DEANE'S—Copper and Brass Goods, Kettles, Stew and Preserving Pans, Stockpots, &c.

DEANE'S—Moderator and Rock Oil Lamps, a large and handsome assortment.

DEANE'S—Gas Chandeliers, newly-designed patterns in Glass and Bronze—three-light glass from 63s.

DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose, Bath-rooms fitted complete.

DEANE'S—Fenders and Fire-Irons, in all modern and approved patterns.

DEANE'S—Bedsteads in Iron and Brass, with Bedding of superior quality.

DEANE'S—Register Stoves, Improved London-made Kitcheners, Ranges, &c.

DEANE'S—Cornices and Cornice Poles, a variety of patterns, French and English.

DEANE'S—Tin and Japanned Goods, Iron-Ware and Culinary Utensils.

DEANE'S—Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c., well made, strong, and serviceable.

DEANE'S—Horticultural Tools, Lawn Mowers Garden Rollers, Wire Work, &c.

DEANE'S—Harness, Saddles, and Horse Clothing, manufactured on their own premises, and of the very best material.

New Illustrated Catalogue with priced Furnishing Lists Gratis and Post free.

A Discount of 5 per cent. for Cash payments of £2 and upwards.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1700.

DEANE & CO. (46, King William Street,) LONDON BRIDGE.

C

R

R

R

78

C

S

T

T

T

T

ap

co

W

Di

L

ALL THE YEAR ROUND ADVERTISER.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple but certain Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 30 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, in every Town in the Kingdom.

CAUTION.—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

APPROVED FAMILY REQUISITES.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES Relieves difficulty of Breathing in ASTHMA and COUGHS—Is an important Remedy for cases of INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, and a certain Remedy for relieving the irritation of the BRONCHIAL TUBES. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d.; and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

KEATING'S CHILDREN'S WORM TABLET.—A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering a well-known Remedy for **INTESTINAL** or **THREAD WORMS**. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for children. Sold in Tins, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Put up in small Boxes "specially" for Post, which will be forwarded on receipt of 14 Stamps.

KEATING'S INSECT DESTROYING POWDER.—**FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, BEETLES, ANTS, MOSQUITOES, MOTHS, &c.**, are instantly destroyed by this powder, which is quite harmless to animal life. Imported and sold in Packets, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; or 1s. Packets free by post for 12 Postage Stamps, and 2s. 6d. on receipt of 36; also in bottles, with bellows, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each.

The above preparations are sold by all respectable Chemists, and the Proprietor, **THOMAS KEATING**, 78, St. Paul's Churchyard.

MAPPIN AND WEBB.

CELEBRATED ELECTRO SILVER PLATE AND CUTLERY.

SPOONS AND FORKS.—Price List.

	Fiddle Pattern.				King's, Thread, Lily, and Beaded Patterns.	
Per Dozen.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Tea Spoons ...	10 0	13 0	16 0	24 0	30 0	30 0
Dessert " ...	21 0	27 0	38 0	40 0	54 0	70 0
Table " ...	27 0	36 0	48 0	54 0	70 0	70 0
Dessert Forks.	21 0	27 0	38 0	40 0	54 0	70 0
Table " ...	27 0	36 0	48 0	54 0	70 0	70 0

The most extensive catalogue in the trade supplied on application at 77 and 78, Oxford Street, and 71 and 72, Cornhill.—Mappin and Webb's London Factory is in Winsley Street, Oxford Street.

TABLE CUTLERY.

Per Dozen.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Table knives, ivory handles	13 0	17 0	20 0	25 0	30 0	40 0	40 0
Dessert "	10 0	13 0	15 0	18 0	22 0	30 0	30 0
Meat or poultry carvers ...	5 0	6 0	7 0	9 0	10 0	12 0	12 0

The most extensive catalogue in the trade supplied on application at 77 and 78, Oxford Street, and 71 and 72, Cornhill.—Mappin and Webb's London Factory is in Winsley Street, Oxford Street.

MAKERS OF THE

CELEBRATED CANTEENS AND PLATE CHESTS

FOR THE UNIVERSITIES, FOREIGN STATIONS, AND HOME USE.

1st Size for 1 person	£5 5s.	4th Size for 6 persons	£16 16s.
2nd " "	8 8	5th " 12 "	25 0
3rd " "	11 11		

Completely fitted with every requisite for the Breakfast and Dinner Tables.

Mappin and Webb's London Show Rooms contain all the latest patterns of Electro Silver Dish Covers, Entrée Dishes, Cruet Stands, Spirit Stands, Tea and Coffee Services with Kettles and Tea Trays, &c., Candelabra and Epergnes. Costly Catalogues sent on receipt of Twelve Stamps free per post, and special estimates and drawings free of charge.

MAPPIN AND WEBB'S

LONDON FACTORY IS WINSLEY ST. ELECTRO PLATE WORKS, SHEFFIELD **THE ROYAL CUTLERY WORKS.**

WEST END SHOW ROOMS,
77 AND 78, OXFORD STREET,

LONDON.

CITY WAREHOUSE,
71 AND 72, CORNHILL,

DENMAN's Greek Wines, 20, Piccadilly.

"Pamphlet Priced-List," "Pure Wine and How to Know It," free on application. Case of Six Red and Six White Wines for £1 11s. 4d.

PURE AERATED WATERS.



Ellis's Ruthin Soda Water.
Ellis's Ruthin Potass Water.
Ellis's Ruthin Seltzer Water.
Ellis's Ruthin Lemonade.
Ellis's Lithia Water.
Ellis's Lithia & Potass Water.

For Gout—the last-named is a splendid remedy. **Every Cork is branded** "R. Ellis & Son, Ruthin," and every label bears their trade mark, without which none is genuine. Sold by Chemists, Hotel-keepers, Confectioners, and Wholesale only from R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales.

COLUMBIAN HAIR DYE.—UNWIN and

ALBERT'S, 24, Piccadilly—is so effective and instantaneous that grey hair is coloured permanently a natural brown or black the moment it is touched by the dye, leaving it perfectly clean and soft as before the application. In cases at 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. Sample case 2s. 6d. By post 40 stamps.



AURICOMUS FLUID, for GOLDEN HAIR, harmless as pure water, has the astonishing power of quickly imparting a rich golden flaxen shade to hair of any colour. Its patronage has caused many imitations.—5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

UNWIN & ALBERT,

24, PICCADILLY,

PERFUMERS to the ROYAL FAMILY.



SA PINE. From the Laboratory of THOMAS JACKSON.



A New and Superior Fluid for Cleaning Articles of Dress or Drapery from Stains of Grease, Oil, Paint, &c.

SAPINE is certified Free of all Petroleum, has no unpleasant smell.

SAPINE does not injure the material, nor affect the most delicate colour.

SAPINE is sold in bottles by the principal Chemists, at 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.

ICE PITCHERS (the American Double Wall), for food water, wine cups, &c.; also the American butter dishes for use with ice. The best treble plated, greatest variety, and most reliable are those made in America by the Meriden Company, whose sole agents in London are the WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 140, Strand.

ICE SAFES and WENHAM LAKE ICE.—The WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY'S celebrated Prize-Medal REFRIGERATORS, and new Duplex Refrigerator, registered March 17, 1889, fitted with water tanks and filters, and combining every modern improvement without unnecessary complications, are unequalled for simplicity, efficiency, durability, and economy. Wenham Lake ice delivered in town for less than 1d. per lb.; or packages of 2s. 6d., 5s., 9s., and upwards forwarded into the country by "goods train" without perceptible waste. Illustrated price-lists free at the sole office, Wenham Lake Ice Company, 140, Strand, London.

ICE CREAM MACHINES, Nesselrode ice pudding moulds, seltzogenes, champagne frappé pails for use with the improved freezing powders, and everything connected with freezing, of the best, cheapest, most modern, and reliable character. Sole office, WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 140, Strand, London, W.C.

DEBILITY WASTING & CO.

"SAVORY and MOORE'S PANCREATIC EMULSION improves Digestion and Nutrition. Patients can take it when they cannot take Cod Liver Oil." See Medical Reports with each Bottle. Prices, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s.

PANCREATIC (Digestive) COCOA, combining the greatest digestibility with the highest nutritive properties. Tins, 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d. and 20s.

143, New Bond Street, London, and all Chemists.
Note.—"SAVORY and MOORE," on the label.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, AND CONDIMENTS.

E. LAZENBY & SON, sole proprietors of the celebrated Receipts and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their name, are compelled to caution the public against the inferior preparations which are put up and labelled in close imitation of their goods, with a view to mislead the public. Consumers having difficulty in procuring the Genuine Articles are respectfully informed that they can be had direct from the Manufacturers at their Foreign Warehouse, 6, Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Priced Lists post free on application.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—CAUTION.—The admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each bottle bears the well-known label, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby." This label is protected by perpetual injunction in Chancery of the 9th July, 1858, and without it none can be genuine.

E. LAZENBY and SON, of 6, Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, as sole proprietors of the receipt for Harvey's Sauce, are compelled to give this caution, from the fact that their labels are closely imitated with a view to deceive purchasers.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and Oilmen.

E. LAZENBY and SON beg to announce that their POSTAL ADDRESS has been CHANGED from 6, Edwards Street, Portman Square, to 90, WIGMORE STREET, Cavendish Square, the Metropolitan Board of Works having directed that Edwards Street be united with Wigmore Street under the title of Wigmore Street.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

GLASS SHADES, FERN CASES AND AQUARIUMS. PHOTOGRAPHIC GLASS

AND MATERIALS.

Flower Vases. Hyacinth Glasses.

WINDOW-GLASS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

CLAUDET, HOUGHTON, AND SON,
89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Lists of Prices sent free on Application.

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

ESTABLISHED FORTY YEARS AS THE MOST AGREEABLE AND EFFECTUAL PRESERVATIVE FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.

Sold universally in pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

None genuine unless signed

JEWSBURY and BROWN, Manchester.

CROQUET TENTS.

CROQUET TENTS.
Elegant and Durable.
CRICKET MARQUEES
of superior style.

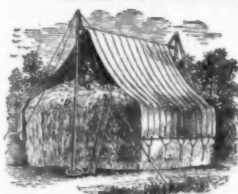
Benjamin Edgington's
Illustrated Catalogue,
free by post.

Address 2, Duke Street,
London Bridge, S.E.

No other establishment.



RICK CLOTHS.



SECOND HAND CLOTHS.

in good condition,
may be had by early
application.

NEW CLOTHS,
of best quality canvas,
with poles, &c.
complete.

For prices, address in full,

BENJAMIN EDGINGTON

2, DUKE STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.
No other establishment.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, **BLAIE'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.**

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist.

LADIES TRAVELLING, or during the promenade or the aquatic excursion, and otherwise exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, will find Rowlands' Kalydor a most refreshing preparation for the complexion, dispelling the cloud of languor and relaxation, allaying all heat and irritability, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity of the skin. Composed of choice exotics of balsamic nature, utterly free from all mineral admixture, and pleasing and delightful in its effects, Rowlands' Kalydor tends to neutralise the action of the atmosphere upon the skin, and to promote that healthy action of the microscopic vessels, by which its general well-being and the beauty of its appearance are so essentially promoted. Freckles, sun-burn, tan, spots, pimples, flushes, and discolourations fly before its application, and give place to delicate smoothness, and the glow of beauty and of bloom. The heat of the summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of Rowlands' Macassar Oil—a delightful, fragrant, and transparent preparation, and, as an invigorator, beyond all precedent. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, is a white powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics. It bestows on the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, frees them from tartar, and imparts to the gums a healthy firmness, and to the breath a pleasing fragrance.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THE NERVES are those delicate organs which, spreading to every part of the body, give pleasure or pain according to the state of health of the body. If this be disordered, violent Headaches, Rheumatic Affections, Lowness of Spirits, and a feeling of utter despair, are produced. That most unpitied of all complaints, the Toothache, is commonly caused by an affection of the nerves, as is also Neuralgia. For all Nervous Complaints use Kaye's Worsdell's Pills only.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

LOSS OF APPETITE,

SPEEDILY PREVENTED BY THE FAMED TONIC BITTERS,

"WATERS' QUININE WINE,"

Unsurpassed for strengthening the Digestive Organs. Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Confectioners, &c., at 30s. per dozen. **WATERS & WILLIAMS, the Original Makers, 2, MARTIN'S LANE, CANNON STREET, LONDON.**



JAQUES'S CROQUET.

ADOPTED BY ALL DISTINGUISHED PLAYERS OF THE GAME.

PRICES FROM 15s. PER SET. DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE CLUB SET. £3 10s.

includes all the latest improvements, and is the finest set in Boxwood made.

Wholesale—JAQUES & SON, 102, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

CAUTION.—To guard against inferior imitations observe the name "JAQUES & SON," on each Box, without which none are genuine.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

HOLIDAYS ON HIGH LANDS; or, Incidents and Rambles in Search of Alpine Plants. By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, Author of "Bible Teachings in Nature." Crown 8vo, 6s. [This day.

THE BATHS AND WELLS OF EUROPE; their Action and Uses, with Hints on Change of Air and Diet Cures. By J. MACPHERSON, M.D. With Map. Extra fcap. 8vo, 6s. 6d.

OLDBURY. By Miss A. KEARY, Author of "Janet's Home," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

New Volume of "The Golden Treasury Series."

A BOOK OF WORTHIES. Gathered from the Old Histories, and Written Anew, by the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 18mo, 4s. 6d.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. By LEWIS CARROLL. With 42 Illustrations by TENNIEL. Sixteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE SAME IN GERMAN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. Illustrations of its History and Practice. By REGINALD PALGRAVE. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

A BEGINNER'S DRAWING BOOK. Progressively Arranged, with upwards of 50 Plates. By P. H. DELAMOTTE. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

GLOBE EDITIONS,

Beautifully printed on toned paper, in cloth, 3s. 6d.
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by W. G. CLARK and W. ALDIS WRIGHT. Ninety-first Thousand.
MORTE D'ARTHUR. Sir Thomas Malory's Book of King Arthur and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table. The Edition of Caxton, revised for Modern Use. With an Introduction by Sir EDWARD STRACHEY, Bart.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited, with Life, by ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Edited, with Introduction, by HENRY KINGSLEY.

THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF GOLD-

SMITH. With Biographical Essay by Prof. MASSON.

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with

Notes and Memoir, by Professor WARD.

SPENSER'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited,

with Introduction and Notes, by R. MORRIS, and

Memoir by J. W. HALES.

THE SUNDAY LIBRARY.

A Series of Original Works by Eminent Writers. Monthly Parts, 1s.; Quarterly Volumes, 4s.; gilt edges, 4s. 6d., with Illustrations. The following Volumes are now ready:—

Vol. I. **THE PUPILS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.** By

the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe."

Vol. II. **THE HERMITS.** By Professor KINGSLEY.

Vol. III. **SEEKERS AFTER GOD.** By Rev. F. W. FARRAR.

Vol. IV. **ENGLAND'S ANTIPHON.** By GEORGE MAC-

DONALD.

Vol. V. **GREAT CHRISTIANS OF FRANCE—ST. LOUIS**

AND CALVIN. By M. GUIZOT.

Vol. VI. **CHRISTIAN SINGERS OF GERMANY.** By

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

Other volumes by distinguished writers are in preparation.

THE FOUR VOLUMES FOR 1868 OF

THE SUNDAY LIBRARY may be had in an

Ornamental Box, price 21s.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS. Fcap. 8vo, CLOTH.

ECCE HOMINES.

By an OXFORD DON.

ADAMS AND FRANCIS, 59, FLEET STREET, E.C.

Now ready, price 12s. cloth, **THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL VOLUME OF**

BRADSHAW'S RAILWAY MANUAL,

SHAREHOLDER'S GUIDE AND OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR 1869,

Containing the History and Financial Position of every Company, British, Foreign, and Colonial—Statistics, Powers, and other Data to the Close of the Year—The Railway Interest in Parliament, &c.—Auxiliary Associations—A Complete Alphabetical Arrangement of the whole Administrative and Executive Staffs in the Three Kingdoms; with elaborate Steel Engraved Railway Maps of the British Isles and the Continent of Europe, India, &c.

W. J. ADAMS, 59, FLEET STREET, E.C.

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS

"RESEMBLING Mother's Milk as closely as possible."—*Dr. H. Barker on Right Foods.* "The Infant Prince thrives upon it as a Prince should."—*Soc. Sci. Rev.* "Highly nourishing and easily digested."—*Dr. HASSELL.* No Boiling or Straining required. Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s.

Prepared by SAVERY and MOORE,

New Bond Street, London.

Procurable of all Chemists and Italian Warehousemen.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.

COMPLICATION OF DISEASES.—Ulcerations, abscesses, swollen glands, and other disorders arising from unseen and unsuspected causes, may be cured by the use of this excellent Ointment, aided by Holloway's purifying Pills. The printed instructions in which the remedies are wrapped, are sufficiently explicit for the guidance of any invalid with moderate intelligence.



USE ONLY THE
GLENFIELD
STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS USES NO OTHER.



FLOUR AND OATMEAL.

FLOUR (ESSEX), Warranted free from Adulteration, to any part of London (not less than 14 lbs.), carriage free. Whites, for Pastry; Households, recommended for Bread-making; Seconds; Wheat Meal, for Brown Bread. Best Fine and Coarse Scotch Oatmeal, Flour of Lentils, Maize Meal, Scotch Brose Meal, &c. HORSNAILL & CATCHPOOL, Bullford Steam Mills, Witham, Essex; 355, Goswell Road, City Road, E.C.; 40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; and 311, Caledonian Road, N. Directions for Bread-making gratis. Terms Cash. A half-sack (140 lbs.) carriage free to any railway station within 200 miles. Circular of Prices by Post. Address, HORSNAILL AND CATCHPOOL, Liverpool Road, London, N.

NOTE.—HORSNAILL & CATCHPOOL obtain their Oatmeal, both fine and round, from the best Scotch Millers.
LARGE CONSUMERS TREATED WITH.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE,
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA,

THE GREAT REMEDY of the day is Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE: a few doses will cure all incipient cases. Caution.—The extraordinary medical reports on the efficacy of chlorodyne renders it of vital importance that the public should obtain the *genuine*, which is now sold under the protection of Government authorising a stamp bearing the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne," without which none is genuine. See decision of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the *Times*, July 16, 1864. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists. Sole manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

LANGDALE'S
ETHYL C⁴H⁵ & CANTHARIDINE
Will positively reproduce, thicken, and prevent the HAIR FALLING OFF, also rapidly promote the growth of Whiskers, Moustaches, &c. Dr. C. J. B. WILLIAMS, F.R.S., 49, Upper Brook Street, W.—"I use and recommend your Cantharidine for restoring the hair." Dr. ROBERTS, 56, Manchester Street, W.—"The best stimulant for the hair that can possibly be invented." Sir W. J. HOOKER, F.R.S., Royal Gardens, Kew.—"Scientific, ingenious, and useful to mankind." STODDART, Chemist, Grassmarket, Edinburgh.—"I never saw anything bring out the young hairs on the face so rapidly." All Chemists, or post-free, 3s. 6d. and 5s. from Laboratory, 72, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

LANGDALE'S PRIZE HAIR DYE.
One bottle is instantaneous, indelible, harmless, and scentless. Post-free 3s. 6d.
The *Lancet* Report with each bottle.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY---DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.
THIS celebrated Old IRISH WHISKY gained the DUBLIN PRIZE MEDAL.
It is Pure, Mild, Mellow, Delicious, and very Wholesome.
Sold in Bottles, 3s. 8d., at the Retail Houses in London; by the Agents in the principal towns in England; or Wholesale at
8, GREAT WINDMILL STREET, LONDON, W.
Observe the Red Seal, Pink Label, and Cork branded "KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY."

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.
GEORGE DIACK,
212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W.,
Invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the Manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.
CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.
BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.
212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W.

W. F. THOMAS & CO'S PATENT SEWING MACHINES.
SEWING MACHINES FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.
SEWING MACHINES FOR TAILORS.
SEWING MACHINES FOR BOOTMAKERS.
SEWING MACHINES FOR SHIRT AND COLLAR MAKERS.
SEWING MACHINES FOR DRESS AND MANTLE MAKERS.
WAX THREAD MACHINES FOR SADDLERS.
BUTTON HOLE MACHINES FOR CLOTH AND LINEN.
* ALL LOCK-STITCH, work alike on both sides.
TWO THREAD MACHINES on Table complete 70s.
Catalogues and Samples Post Free.
W. F. THOMAS and CO., the original Patentees, 1 and 2, Cheapside; Regent Circus, Oxford Street, London; and 54, Union Passage, Birmingham.—**AGENTS WANTED.**

USEFUL IN EVERY CELLAR. IRON WINE BINS AND SODA WATER RACKS. (BURROW'S PATENT).

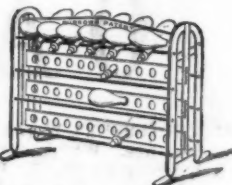
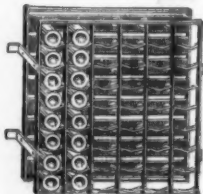
The best, safest, and most convenient method of keeping Wine and Mineral Waters.

ADVANTAGES.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.
PORTABILITY AND DURABILITY.
NO TROUBLE OR RISK OF BINNING.
BREAKAGE PREVENTED.
STOCK SEEN AT A GLANCE, &c. &c.

Illustrated Lists Free.

W. & J. BURROW, MALVERN,
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers.



GOLD MEDAL.



HAVRE, 1868.



BORWICKS' BAKING POWDER

Makes Bread light and digestible in a few minutes, without standing to rise, as with yeast. Pastry and Puddings should never be made without it, as it renders them light and easy of digestion, and saves butter and eggs.

Sold by Grocers, Druggists, and Corn Chandlers in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Packets; and Patent Boxes, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

Wholesale of **GEO. BORWICK & SONS,**
CHISWELL STREET, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

MRS. HARRIS HERBERT'S AMERICAN

HAIR DRESSING

Is the favourite preparation used by the American Ladies for strengthening, vivifying, promoting a luxuriant growth, and adding brilliancy, fragrance, and lustre to the hair. It cures baldness, thickens thin hair, and prevents it from falling off, and never fails in restoring grey hair to its natural colour and beauty, and is an essential toilet requisite for all who wish to have and preserve that choicest gift of nature—a good head of hair. Sold in bottles by all Chemists, at 3s. 6d. and 7s. each, and wholesale by Messrs. J. SANGER & SONS, 150, Oxford Street, London.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO LADIES.

Mrs. HERBERT has just issued an English edition of her Treatise on the Human Hair and its Physiology, comprising its varieties, treatment, beauty, and improvement; together with a few hints on the PRESERVATION OF THE COMPLEXION, intended for the guidance of those who wish to preserve, beautify, and enhance their personal appearance; it can be obtained GRATIS of most respectable Chemists throughout the United Kingdom.

A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.



The Teething of Infants forms one of the chief anxieties of mothers but

MRS. JOHNSON'S AMERICAN SOOTHING SYRUP,

free from any Narcotic, affords immediate relief to the Gums, prevents Convulsions, and during 40 years has attained a world-wide reputation. Mothers should see

Mrs. JOHNSON'S Name on each Bottle; also that of **BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street.**
Sold by all Chemists, with full instructions, at 2s. 9d. a bottle.

CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.

Opiates, Narcotics, and Squills are too often invoked to give relief in Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Diseases. Instead of such fallacious remedies, which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, and thus increasing that debility which lies at the root of the malady, modern science points to **CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR** as the true remedy.

SELECT TESTIMONIAL.

Dr. Rooke, Scarborough, author of the "Anti-Lancet," says "I have repeatedly observed how very rapidly and invariably it subdued Cough, Pain, and Irritation of the Chest in cases of Pulmonary Consumption; and I can, with the greatest confidence, recommend it as a most valuable adjunct to an otherwise strengthening treatment for this disease."

This medicine, which is free from opium and squills, not only allays the local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Influenza, Night Sweats of Consumption, Quinsy, and all affections of the throat and chest. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, and Wholesale by **JAS. M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.**

JAMES LEWIS'S NOVELTY.



THE SPRINKLER.

Most refreshing during warm weather; these bottles are filled with Eau de Cologne, Florida Water, Lavender Water, or Perfumes. Prices, from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., to be had of all dealers in Perfumery throughout the world.

MANUFACTORY:

6, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, London.

Highest Prizes Awarded, Silver Medals, 1865, 1867, and 1868.



THE ALBERTA,

NEW FAMILY LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.

The Best and Cheapest Machine in the Market. Surpasses any yet offered to the Public.
Price, from Six Guineas.

THE EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

These Celebrated Machines are unrivalled for Strength and Beauty of Stitch.
Price Six Guineas.

THE PRINCESS NEW HAND LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.

Price Four Guineas. Lists Free.

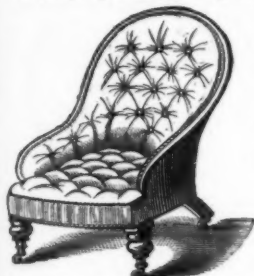
PATENTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

WHIGHT & MANN,

143, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SUPERIOR FURNITURE,

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, CARPETS, AND CURTAINS.



FILMER & SON beg respectfully to call attention to their old-established Manufactory and Warerooms, containing the LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM of the Quality and Design which, for the last thirty years has gained for them such extensive patronage, the price being the same as frequently charged for inferior goods.

FILMER'S SUPERIOR EASY CHAIRS AND SOFAS, of the best quality, made to shape on approval.

FILMER'S CIRCULAR EXTENDING DINING TABLES, opening to any size by a single movement.

FILMER AND SON,

Show Rooms (the largest in England),

31 & 32, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET,

FACTORY: 34 and 35, CHARLES STREET, LONDON, W.

AN ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE.

PURE CLARETS.

No. 1.—FAMILY CLARET	(Vin Ordinaire)	PER DOZEN 12s.
" 3.—DINNER CLARET	(Sound, Full Bordeaux)	PER DOZEN 24s.
" 5.—DESSERT CLARET	(Fine Flavoured Bordeaux)	PER DOZEN 36s.

T. O. LAZENBY,

90 & 92, Wigmore Street, London, W., Wine Merchant.

SHERRIES.

No. 1.—GOOD ORDINARY SHERRY (Pale Dry or Rich Golden)...	PER DOZEN 24s.
" 3.—SOUND DINNER SHERRY (Pale Dry or Rich Golden)...	PER DOZEN 36s.
" 5.—FINE DESSERT SHERRY (Pale Dry or Rich Golden)...	PER DOZEN 48s.

VIOLET DE PARIS

PERFUMER TO

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH



MARK

THEIR MAJESTIES

AND THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

PRIZE MEDALS AT THE EXHIBITIONS OF 1849, 1851, 1862 & 1867

INVENTOR & SOLE MANUFACTURER OF

"ROYAL THRIDACE SOAP."

Recommended by the faculty for the health and beauty of the skin.

VIOLETS' PERFUMERY of every description sold by all respectable Perfumers, Hairdressers, and Chemists, and at the Depot for the United Kingdom.

11, GREAT CASTLE ST., REGENT ST., LONDON, W.



WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER,

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

Sends a Catalogue Gratis and Post-paid.

It contains upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

ELECTRO PLATE,
BRITANNIA METAL GOODS,
DISH COVERS,
HOT-WATER DISHES,
STOVES AND FENDERS,

MARBLE CHIMNEYPIECES
KITCHEN RANGES,
LAMPS. GASOLIERES,
TEA TRAYS,
URNS AND KETTLES,

CLOCKS, CANDELABRA,
TABLE CUTLERY,
BATHS, TOILET WARE,
TURNERY GOODS,
IRON & BRASS BEDSTEADS

BEDDING, BED HANGINGS,
BED-ROOM CABINET FUR-
NITURE, &c.
KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c.

With Lists of Prices and Plans of the

TWENTY LARGE SHOW-ROOMS,

At 39, Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4, Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6, Perry's Place; and 1, Newman Yard, London, W.

CUTLERY, WARRANTED.—The most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

IVORY HANDLES.	Table Knives per dozen.	Dessert Knives per dozen.	Carvers per pair.
34-inch Ivory Handles.....	8. 0	4. 0	5. 0
34-inch fine Ivory Balance Handles.....	13. 0	10. 6	5. 0
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles.....	18. 0	14. 0	5. 9
4-inch fine Ivory Handles.....	21. 0	16. 0	5. 9
4-inch finest African Ivory Handles.....	28. 0	21. 0	8. 0
Ditto, with Silver Ferules.....	34. 0	27. 0	12. 0
	42. 0	35. 0	13. 6

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and FURNITURE.—WILLIAM S. BURTON'S Stock on Show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads, and Children's Cots, stand unrivalled either for extent or moderateness of prices. He also supplies Bedding, manufactured on the premises, and Bed Hangings of guaranteed quality. Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sacking from 11s. Ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads in great variety, from £1 8s. to £30. Complete Suites of Bedroom Furniture in mahogany, fancy woods, polished and japanned deal, always on show. These are made by WILLIAM S. BURTON, at his Manufactory, 84, NEWMAN STREET, and every article is guaranteed. China Toilet Ware in great variety from 4s. the set of five pieces.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for SILVER.—The real NICKEL SILVER, introduced more than thirty years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when patented by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all doubt the best article next to sterling silver that can be used as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

	Fiddle or Old Silver	Bead	Thread	King's
Table Forks or } per doz.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Spoons.....	1 10 0	2 1 0	2 2 0	2 5 0
Dessert ditto.....ditto	1 2 0	1 7 0	1 10 0	1 11 0
Tea Spoons.....ditto	0 14 0	0 19 0	1 1 0	1 2 0

Other articles are in proportion.

These are all as strongly plated, and are in every respect at least equal to what other houses are selling as their first quality at very much higher prices.

A second quality of Fiddle pattern:—

Table Spoons and Forks.....	£1 2 0 per doz.
Dessert ".....	0 16 0 "
Tea Spoons.....	0 10 0 "

All kinds of replating done by the Patent process.

Any article to be had singly at the same prices.

Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices.

The largest stock in existence of Plated Dessert Knives and Forks, and of the New Plated Fish-eating Knives and Forks and Carvers.

THE VANS DELIVER GOODS IN LONDON AND ITS SUBURBS.

With the present RAILWAY FACILITIES the cost of delivering goods to the most distant parts of the United Kingdom is trifling. WILLIAM S. BURTON will always, when desired, undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

KITCHEN REQUISITES (including BRUSHES and TURNERY.)—WILLIAM S. BURTON has every Article for the FURNISHING of KITCHENS arranged in Four Sets, each complete in itself:—

	1	2	3	4
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Kitchen Utensils.....	68 12 2	24 9 4	10 12 9	5 18 1
Brushes and Turnery to suit.....	21 1 6	15 1 6	7 19 6	3 2 5

Total per set.....

80 13 6 39 10 10 18 12 3 7 0 6

No. 1 suitable for any Mansion.

No. 2 " " 2nd class Houses.

No. 3 " " 3rd ditto.

No. 4 " " 4th ditto.

Any single article may be had at the same price quoted for it in the different lists.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS

and CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested before finally deciding to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship.

Black Register Stoves..... 8s. to £7 10s.
Bright Stoves, with Ormolu ornaments £3 8s. to £33 10s.
Bronzed Fenders with standards..... 3s. 9d. to £5 12s.
Steel Fenders..... £2 18s. to £18.
Chimney-Pieces..... £1 8s. to £100.
Fire-irons, the set..... 3s. 3d. to £4 10s.
The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

BATHS AND TOILET WARE.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the DISPLAY of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest and most varied ever submitted to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in the country. Portable Showers, 8s.; Pillar Showers, £3 to £5 12s.; Nursery, 18s. to 38s.; Sponging, 6s. to 32s.; Hip, 13s. to 33s. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot & Cold Plunge, Vapour & Camp Shower Baths. Toilet Ware in great variety, from 11s. 6d. to 45s. the set of three.

PAPIER MACHE and IRON TEA-TRAYS.

—An assortment of TEA-TRAYS and WAITERS, wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

New Oval Papier Maché Trays,
per set of three..... from 25s. to 10 guineas.
Ditto Iron ditto..... from 11s. 6d. to 4 guineas.
Convex-shape ditto..... from 7s. 6d.

Round and Gothic Waiters and Bread Baskets equally low

TEA URNS, of LONDON MAKE

ONLY.—The largest assortment of London-made TEA URNS in the world (including all the recent novelties, many of which are registered) is on SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, from 30s. to £6.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 27. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

WRECKED IN PORT.

A SERIAL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV. CANVASSING.

SPLendid as was the opportunity just offered to Walter Joyce by the parliamentary agents, it is more than probable that he would have declined to profit by it had the scene of action been laid anywhere else than in Brocksopp, had his opponent been any one other than Mr. Creswell. Although utterly changed from the usher in a country school, who was accustomed to take life as it came—or indeed from the young man who, when he obtained Lord Hetherington's private secretaryship, looked upon himself as settled for life—Joyce had even now scarcely any ambition, in the common acceptance of the word. To most men brought up as he had been, membership of parliament would have meant London life in good society, excellent station of one's own, power of dispensing patronage and conferring favours on others, and very excellent opportunity for getting something pleasant and remunerative for oneself, when the chance offered. To Walter Joyce it meant the acceptance of a sacred trust, to the proper discharge and fulfilment of which all his energies were pledged by the mere fact of his acceptance of the candidature. Not, indeed, that he had ever had any thoughts of relinquishing his recently acquired profession, the press; he looked to that as his sole means of support; but he felt that should he be successful in obtaining a seat in the House, his work would be worth a great deal more than it had hitherto been, and he should be able to keep his income at the same amount

while he devoted the half of his time thus saved to his political duties.

But being, as has been said, thoroughly happy in his then career, Joyce would never have thought of entertaining the proposition made to him through the medium of Messrs. Potter and Pyfe had it not been for the desire of revenging himself on Marian Creswell by opposing to the last, and, if possible, in every honourable way, by defeating, her husband. Joyce felt perfectly certain that Mr. Creswell—quiet easy-going old gentleman as he had been of late years, and more likely than ever to be disinclined to leave his retirement and do battle in the world since his son's death—was a mere puppet in the hands of his wife, whose ambition had prompted her to make her husband seek the honour, and whose vanity would be deeply wounded at his failure. Walter Joyce's personal vanity was also implicated in the result, and he certainly would not have accepted the overtures had there not been a good chance of success; but Mr. Harrington, who, out of his business, was a remarkably sharp, shrewd, and far-seeing man of the world and of business, spoke very positively on this point, and declared their numbers were so strong, and the popular excitement so great in their favour, that they could scarcely fail of success, provided they had the right man to bring forward. To win the day against her, to show her that the man she basely rejected and put aside was preferred, in a great struggle, to the man she had chosen; that the position which she had so coveted for her husband, and towards the attainment of which she had brought into play all the influence of her wit and his money, had been snatched from her by the poor usher whom she had found good enough to play with in her early days, but

who was thrust aside, his fidelity and devotion availing him nothing, directly a more eligible opportunity offered itself. That would be sweet indeed! Yes, his mind was made up; he would use all his energies for the prosecution of the scheme; it should be war to the knife between him and Marian Creswell.

Joyce's manner was so thorough and so hearty, his remarks were so practical, and his spirits so high, when he called on Messrs. Potter and Fyfe on the next day, that those gentlemen were far better pleased with him, and far more sanguine of his popularity and consequent success at Brocksopp, than they had been after the first interview. Modesty and self-depreciation were qualities very seldom seen, and very little esteemed, in the parliamentary agents' offices in Abingdon-street. The opinion of the head of the firm was that Walter wanted "go," and it was only owing to the strenuous interposition of Mr. Harrington, who knew Joyce's writings, and had more than once heard him speak in public, that they did not openly bemoan their choice and proceed to look out for somebody else. This, however, they did not do; neither did they mention their doubts to the deputation from Brocksopp, the members of which did not, indeed, give them time to do so, had they been so inclined, clearing out so soon as the interview was over, and making back to the Tavistock Hotel, in Covent Garden, there to eat enormous dinners, and thence to sally forth for the enjoyment of those festivities in which our provincials so much delight, and the reminiscences of which serve for discussion months afterwards. The parliamentary agents were very glad of their reticence the next day. The young man's heartiness and high spirits seemed contagious; the sound of laughter, a phenomenon in Abingdon-street, was heard by Mr. Harrington to issue from "the governors' room;" and old Mr. Potter forgot so far the staid dignity of a chapel-deacon as to clap Walter Joyce on the back, and wish him luck. Joyce was going down on his first canvass to Brocksopp by himself; he would not take any one with him, not even Mr. Harrington; he was much obliged to them; he knew something of Mr. South, the local Liberal agent (he laughed inwardly as he said this, remembering how he used to look upon Mr. South as a tremendous gun), and he had no doubt they would get on very well together.

"You know South, Mr. Joyce?" said

Mr. Fyfe, "what a very curious thing! I should have thought that old South's celebrity was entirely local, or at all events confined to the county."

"Doubtless it is," replied Joyce; "but then you know I——"

"Ah! I forgot," interrupted Mr. Fyfe. "You have some relations with the place. Yes, yes, I heard! By the way, then, I suppose you know your opponent, Mr. Kerswill—Creswell—what's his name?"

"Oh yes, I remember Mr. Creswell perfectly; but he never saw much of me, and I should scarcely think would recollect me!"

"Ah! you'll excuse me, my dear sir," Mr. Fyfe added, after a short pause; "but of course there's no necessity to impress upon you the importance of courtesy towards your opponent—I mean Kerswill. You're certain to meet on the hustings, and most probably, in a swellish place like Brocksopp, you'll be constantly running across each other in the streets while you're on your canvass. Then, courtesy, my dear sir, before everything else!"

"You need not be afraid, Mr. Fyfe," said Joyce, smiling; "I shall be perfectly courteous to Mr. Creswell!"

"Of course you will, my dear sir, of course you will! Musn't think it odd in me to suggest it—part of my business to point these things out when I'm coaching a candidate, and necessary too, deuced necessary sometimes, though you wouldn't think it. Less than six months ago, when poor Wiggington was lost in his yacht in the Mediterranean—you remember?—we sent down a man to stand for his borough. Lord——. No! I won't tell you his name; but the eldest son of an earl. The other side sent down a man too—a brewer, or a maltster, or something of that kind, but a deucedly gentlemanly fellow. They met on their canvass, these two, just as you and Kerswill might, and this man, like a gentleman, took off his hat. What did our man do? Stopped still, stuck his glass in his eye, and stared, never bowed, never moved—give you my word! Had to withdraw him at once; his committee stood by and saw it, and wouldn't act for him any more! 'Lordship be damned!' that's what they said. Strong language, but that's what they said—give you my word! Had to withdraw him, too late to find another man, so our people lost the seat!"

The first thing that astonished Joyce on his arrival at Brocksopp was the sight of his own name printed in large letters on

flaming placards, and affixed in all the conspicuous places of the town. He had not given consideration to this sudden notoriety, and his first realisation of it was in connexion with the thought of the effect it would have on Marian, who must have seen it; her husband must have told her of the name of his opponent; she must have been certain that it was not a person of similar name, but her discarded lover himself who was waging battle against her, and attacking her husband in the stronghold which he might have even considered safe. She would know the sentiments which had prompted him in leaving her last letter unanswered, in taking no notice of her since the avowal of her perfidy. Up to this time she might have pictured him to herself as ever bewailing her loss—as would have been the case had she been taken from him by death—as the prey of despair. Now she must know him as actuated by feelings far stronger and sterner; he was prepared to do battle to the death. This feeling was pre-eminent above all others; this desire for revenge, this delight at the occasion which had been offered him for lowering the pride and thwarting the designs of the woman who had done him such great wrong. He never faltered in his intention for a moment; he abated his scheming not one jot. He had some idea on the journey down to Brocksopp that perhaps the old reminiscences, which would naturally be kindled by the sight of the familiar scenes among which he would soon find himself, and of the once familiar faces by which he would be surrounded, would have a softening effect on his anger, and perhaps somewhat shake his determination. But on experience he did not find it so. As yet he had religiously kept away from the neighbourhood of Helmingham; he thought it better taste to do so, and his duties in canvassing had not called him thither. He had quite enough to do in calling on the voters resident in Brocksopp.

As Walter Joyce had not been to Helmingham, the village folk, who in their old-fashioned way were oddly punctilious, thought it a point of etiquette not to call upon him, though such as were politically of his way of thinking took care to let him know he might reckon on their support; and of all the people whom Walter had been in the habit of seeing almost daily in the village, Jack Forman, the ne'er-do-weel, was the only one who came over expressly to Brocksopp for the purpose of visiting his old friend. It was not so much friend-

ship as constant thirst that prompted Jack's visit; he had been in the habit of looking on elections as institutions for the gratuitous supply of ale and spirits, extending more or less over the term of a month, to all who chose to ask for them, and hitherto he had been greatly disappointed in not finding his name on the free list of the Helmingham taverns. So it was well worth Jack's while to spend a day in staggering over to Brocksopp, and on his arrival he met with a very kind reception from Walter, sufficiently kind to enable him to bear up against the black looks and ill-suppressed growls of Mr. South, who, in his capacity of clerk to the magistrates, only knew Jack as a bit of a poacher, and a great deal of a drunkard.

Immediately on his arrival in Brocksopp, and after one or two preliminary interviews with Mr. South, who, as he imagined, had forgotten all about him, and was much struck by his knowledge of neighbouring persons and localities, Joyce proceeded with his canvass, and after a very brief experience felt that Mr. Harrington had not taken too rose-coloured a view of his chance of success. Although to most of the electors of Brocksopp he was personally unknown, and though such as remembered his father held him in recollection only as a sour, cross-grained man, with a leaning towards "Methodes" and a suspicion of avarice, the fact that Walter was not an entire stranger had great influence with many of the electors, and his appearance and manner won him troops of friends. They liked his frank face and hearty demeanour, they felt that he was eminently "thorough," the lack of which quality had been the chief ground of complaint against young Bokenham, and they delighted in his lucid argument and terse way of laying a question before them and driving it home to their understanding. In this he had the advantage of his opponent, and many waverers with undefined political opinions who attended the public meetings of both parties, were won over to Joyce's side by the applause with which his speeches were received, and by the feeling that a man who could produce such an effect on his hearers must necessarily be a clever man, and the right person to be sent by them to parliament. The fact was allowed even by his opponents. Mr. Teesdale wrote up to Mr. Gould that things were anything but bright, that the new man was amazingly popular, and quite young, which was not a bad thing when

great exertion was required, that he was, moreover, a clever, rapid, forcible speaker, and seemed to be leaving their man very much behind. And old Croke, who had been induced to attend a meeting convened by the Liberals, and who, though from respectability's sake he had made no open disturbance, had been dreadfully shocked at the doctrines which he had heard, not merely promulgated, but loudly applauded, was afterwards compelled to confess to a select few at the Lion that the manner, if not the matter of Walter Joyce's speech was excellent. "Our squire," he said, "speaks like a gen'alman as he is, soft and quiet like, on and on like the droppin' o' watter, but this'un du screw it into you hard and fast, and not content wi' drivin' on it home, he rivets 'un on t'other side."

Electioneering matters in Brocksopp were a very different aspect to that which they had borne a short time previously. Mr. Teesdale had seen from the beginning that the candidature of young Mr. Bokenham was not likely to be very dangerous to his opponent, however liberally he might be backed by his indulgent father. The local agent, who had lived all his life among the Brocksoppians, was quite aware that they required a man who would at all events pretend to be in earnest, which ever suffrages he courted, and his keen eyes told him at the first glance that young Tommy was a vacillating, purposeless pleasure-lover, who would command no confidence and receive but few votes. When the Bokenham escapade took place Mr. Teesdale telegraphed the news to his principal, Mr. Gould, and in writing to him on the same subject by the next post said: "It is exactly what I always anticipated of young B., though his friends did not apparently see it. I think it will be a shock to the L's, and should not be surprised if our man had a walk-over." Mr. Teesdale was essentially a country gentleman, and though he thought Mr. Harrington a "turf cad," saw no harm in occasionally employing a sporting phrase, even in his business. But now all was altered; the appearance of Walter Joyce upon the scene, the manner in which he was backed, his gentlemanly conduct and excellent speaking had an immediate and extraordinary effect. The Tory influence under Sir George Kent had been so all-powerful for many years that all thoughts of a contest had been abandoned, and there were scores of men, farmers and manufacturers, on the register, who had

never taken the trouble to record their vote. To the astonishment and dismay of Mr. Teesdale, most of them on being waited on in Mr. Creswell's interest, declared that their leanings were more towards Liberalism than Conservatism, and that now they had the chance of returning a candidate who would do them credit and be a proper advocate of their views, they should certainly give him their support. The fact, too, that Joyce was a self-made man told immensely in his favour, especially with the manufacturing classes. Mr. Harrington, who had paid a couple of flying visits to the town, had possessed himself of certain portions of Walter's family history, and disseminated them in such quarters as he thought would be advantageous.

"Father were grocer in village hard by!" they would repeat to one another in wonder, "and this young'un stuck to his buke and so crammed his head wi' lurnin' that he's tow't to three Lards up in London, and writes in newspapers—think o' that now!" It was in vain that old Teesdale, when he heard of the success of his opponent's move, went about pointing out that Mr. Creswell was not only a self-made man, having risen from nothing to his then eminence, but that all the money which he had made was engaged in the employment and development of labour. The argument was sound, but it did not seem to have the same effect; whatever it was, it had the same result, a decided preference for Mr. Joyce as against Mr. Creswell, amongst those who, possessing votes, had hitherto declined to use them.

But there was another class which it was necessary to propitiate, and with which Mr. Teesdale was afraid he stood but little chance. Many of the "hands" had obtained votes since the last election, and intended making use of their newly acquired prerogative. There was no fear of their not voting; the only question was on which side they would cast the preponderance of their influence. This was soon seen. Naturally they were inclined to support Walter Joyce, but whatever lingering doubts they may have had were dispelled so soon as Jack Byrne appeared upon the scene, and, despite of Joyce's protests, determined on remaining to assist in the canvass. "Why not," said Jack, "let me have my way; I'm an old man now, lad, and haven't so many fancies that I mayn't indulge one, now and again! The business suffer!" he said, in reply to something that Walter had said, "the

business, indeed! You know well enough that the bird-stuffing now is a mere pretence; a mere something that I keep for my 'idle hands to do,' and that it's no necessity, thank the Lord! So let me bide here, lad, and aid in the good work. I think I may be of use among a few of them, yet." And he was right. Not merely was the old man's name known and venerated among the older "hands" as one of the "martyrs of '48," but his quaint caustic tongue made him an immense favourite with the younger men, and soon there were no meetings brought to a close without loud demands for a "bit speech" from Jack Byrne.

Nor was it amongst the farmer and manufacturing classes alone that Mr. Joyce received pledges of support. Several of the neighbouring county gentry and clergy, who had hung back during Mr. Bokenham's candidature, enrolled themselves on the committee of the new comer; and one of his most active adherents was Mr. Benthall. It was not until after due deliberation, and much weighing of pros and cons, that the head-master of Helmingham Grammar School took this step; but he smiled when he had thoroughly made up his mind, and muttered something to himself about its being "a shot for Madam in more ways than one." When he had decided he was by no means underhand in his conduct, but went straight to Mr. Creswell, taking the opportunity of catching him away from home and alone, and told him that the Benthall family had been staunch Liberals for generations; and that, however much he might regret being opposed in politics to a gentleman for whom he entertained such a profound esteem and regard, he could not forswear the family political faith. Mr. Creswell made him a polite reply, and forthwith forgot all about it; and Marian, though she was in the habit of questioning her husband pretty closely at the end of each day as to the progress he had made, looked upon Mr. Benthall's vote as so perfectly secure that she never asked about the matter.

Notwithstanding the favourable reception which he met with everywhere, and the success which seemed invariably to attend him in his canvass, Joyce found it very heavy work. The constant excitement soon began to tell upon him, and the absurdity of the questions sometimes asked, or the pledges occasionally required of him, irritated him so much that he began to inquire of himself whether he was really wise

in going through with the affair, and whether he was not paying a little too dearly even for that revenge for which he had longed, and which was almost within his grasp. His fidelity to the cause to which he had pledged himself would doubtless have caused him to smother these murmurings without any extraneous aid; but just at that time he had an adventure which at once put an end to all doubt on the subject.

One bright wintry morning he arose at the hotel with the determination to take a day's rest from his labours, and to endeavour to recruit himself by a little quiet and fresh air. He had been up late the previous night at a very large meeting of his supporters, the largest as yet gathered together, which he had addressed with even more than wonted effect. He felt that he was speaking more forcibly than usual; he could not tell why, he did not even know what prompted him; but he felt it. It could not have been the presence of the parliamentary agent, Mr. Fyfe, who had come down from London to see how his young friend was getting on, and who was really very much astonished at his young friend's eloquence. Walter Joyce was speaking of the way in which the opposite party had, when in power, broken the pledges they had given, and laughed to scorn the promises they had made when seeking power, and in dilating upon it he used a personal illustration, comparing the voters to a girl who had been jilted and betrayed by her lover, who had been unexpectedly raised to riches. Unconsciously fired by his own experience, he displayed a most forcible and highly-wrought picture of the despair of the girl and the villany of the man, and roused his audience to a perfect storm of enthusiasm. No one who heard him, as he thought, except Jack Byrne, had the least inkling of his story, or of its effect upon his eloquence; but the "hands" were immensely touched and delighted, and the effect was electrical. Walter went home thoroughly knocked up, and the next morning the reaction had set in. He felt it impossible to attend to business, sent messages to Mr. Fyfe and to Byrne, telling them they must get on without him for the day, and, after a slight breakfast, hurried out of the hotel by the back way. There were always plenty of loafers and idlers hanging round all sides of the house, eager to stare at him, to prefer a petition to him, or to point him out to their friends; but this morning he was

lucky enough to escape them, and, thanks to his knowledge of the locality, to strike upon an unfrequented path, which soon took him clear of the town and brought him to the open fields.

He had forgotten the direction in which the path led, or he would most probably have avoided it and chosen some other, for there lay Helmingham village directly before him. Hitherto he had carefully avoided even looking towards it, but there it was, under his eyes. At some distance it is true, but still sufficiently near for him, with his knowledge of the place, to recognise every outline. There, away on the horizon, was the school-house, there the church; there, dipping down towards the middle of the High-street, the house which had been so long his father's. What years ago it seemed! There were alterations, too; several newly-built houses, a newly-made road leading, he supposed, to Woolgreaves. Woolgreaves! he could not see the house, he was thankful for that, but he overlooked a portion of the grounds from where he stood, and saw the sun reflected from much sparkling glass, evidently conservatories of recent erection. "She's spending the price for which she sold me!" he muttered to himself.

He crossed a couple of fields, clambered over a hedge, and jumped down into the newly-made road which he had noticed, intending, after pursuing it a short distance, to strike across, leaving Woolgreaves on his right, and make for Helmingham. He could roam about the outskirts of the old place without attracting attention and without any chance of meeting with her. He had gone but a very little way when he heard a sharp, clear, silvery tinkling of little bells, then the noise of horse-hoofs on the hard, dry road, and presently came in sight a little low carriage, drawn by a very perfect pair of iron-grey ponies, and driven by a lady dressed in a sealskin cloak and a coquettish sealskin hat. He knew her in an instant. Marian!

While he was deliberating what to do, whether to remain where he was or jump the hedge and disappear, before he could take any action the pony carriage had neared him, and the ponies were stopped by his side. She had seen him in the distance, and recognised him too; he knew that by the flush that overspread her usually pale face. She was looking bright and well, and far handsomer than he ever remembered her. He had time to notice all that in one glance, before she spoke.

"I am glad of this accidental meeting, Mr. Joyce!" she said, with the slightest tremor in her voice, "for though I had made up my mind to see you I did not see the opportunity."

Walter merely bowed.

"Do you mind walking with me for five minutes? I'll not detain you longer." Walter bowed again. "Thank you, very much. James, follow with the ponies." She stepped out of the carriage with perfect grace and dignity, just touching with the tips of her fingers the arm which Walter, half in spite of himself, held out.

"You will not expect me to act any part in this matter, Mr. Joyce," she said after a moment's pause. "I mean to make no pretence of being astonished at finding you here, in direct opposition to me and mine!"

"No, indeed! that would be time wasted, Mrs. Creswell," said Walter, speaking for the first time. "Opposition to you and yours is surely the thing most likely to be expected in me."

"Exactly! Although at first I scarcely thought you would take the breaking off of our relations in the way you did, I guessed it when you did not write; I knew it of course when you started here, but I was never so certain of your feelings in regard to me as I was last night."

"Last night?"

"Last night! I was present at the Mechanics' Institute, sitting in the gallery with my maid and her brother as escort. I had heard much of your eloquence, and wanted to be convinced. It seems I selected a specially good occasion! You were particularly scathing."

"I spoke what I felt—"

"No doubt! you could not have spoken so without having felt all you described, so that I can completely imagine how you feel towards me. But you are a sensible man, as well as a good speaker, and that is why I have determined to apply to you."

"What do you want, Mrs. Creswell?"

"I want you to go out of this place, Mr. Joyce! to take your name off the walls, and your candidature out of the county! I want you to give up your opposition to my husband. You are too strong for him—you personally; not your cause, but you. We know that; the last three days have convinced everybody of that, and you'll win the election if you stop."

Joyce laughed aloud. "I know I shall," he said, his eyes gleaming.

"What then?" said Marian, quietly.

"Do you know what a poor member of parliament is, 'hanging on' at every one's beck and call, hunted by all, respected by none, not knowing which to serve most as most likely to be able to serve him—would you like to be that, would your pride suffer that? That's all these people want of you—to make you their tool, their party's tool; for you yourself they have not the remotest care. Do you hear?"

"I do. But you have not told me, Mrs. Creswell, what I should get for retiring?"

"Your own terms, Walter Joyce, whatever they were. A competence for life—enough to give you leisure to follow the life in which, as I understand, you have engaged, in ease, when and where you liked. No drudgery, no anxiety, all your own settled on yourself!"

"You are strangely anxious about the result of this election, Mrs. Creswell."

"I am—and I am willing to pay for it!"

Joyce laughed again—a very unpleasant laugh. "My dear Mrs. Creswell," said he, "if government could promise me ten times your husband's fortune to withdraw from this contest, I would refuse! If I had your husband's fortune, I would gladly forfeit it for the chance of winning this election, and defeating you. You will excuse my naming a money value for such pleasure; but I know that hitherto it has been the only one you could understand or appreciate! Good morning!" And he took off his hat, and left her standing in the road.

AS THE CROW FLIES.

DUE EAST. SAFFRON WALDEN AND THAXSTED
TO HARWICH.

It is impossible for our voyaging bird in black to pass over the chalk hills and seven streets of Saffron Walden, which is built on a tongue of land twenty-four miles north-west of Chelmsford, because there exists so curious and interesting a legend about the origin of the singular name of that town. The story is this. Great quantities of saffron for dyers used to be grown in this part of Essex. The first seed or root of this valuable plant was brought from the East by a shrewd pilgrim, concealed, tradition says, in the hollow top of the staff which supported his weary feet, and on which he hung his calabash of water. Lord Braybrook's umbrageous park, with a pleasant wilderness of shade, shadows the approach to Saffron Walden, and girds that stately palace of a house, Audley End, which occupies the site of a Benedictine monastery founded by Mandeville, the first Earl of Essex, "to the honour of St. Mary and St. James," in the year of Grace 1136. At the suppression it was granted to Sir Thomas Audley, who took it as the title

of his barony, and in the time of James the First the Earl of Suffolk erected a many-windowed mansion here which took an army of men thirteen years to put together, and was regarded as the largest residence in the kingdom next to Windsor Castle. A small portion now only remains, and is a mere hut in comparison with the old greatness. The castle at Saffron Walden was built by the same proud Mandeville who built Pleshy.

Not far from Saffron Walden is Thaxsted, a small village, once a borough, rotten even in James the Second's time, and then disfranchised. Here in 1577 was born that laborious and delightful old compiler of voyages, Samuel Purchas. Purchas took his B.D. at Cambridge, where, at St. John's College, he was educated. In 1604 he became vicar of Eastwood, but resided chiefly in London, being also rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, that vexatious church that keeps getting in a rude and envious way before St. Paul's when one is walking up Ludgate-hill, and longing to get a clear view of the old black giant. The great work of the old London rector was his well-known and valued *Pilgrimages, or Relations of the World*, a collection of voyages, in five volumes folio, a stupendous labour, worthy of a nation of travellers like ourselves. How solemnly and yet humbly he begins his work!

"First, therefore, I beseech Him, that is the First and Last, the Eternal Father, in the name of His beloved and only Sonne, by the light of His holy and all-seeing Spirit, to guide me in this perambulation of the world, and so to take view of the time, places, and customs, therein, as may testify my religious bond to Him, whose I am, and whom I serve, and the service I owe unto His church, of at least this my *mile* [five vols. folio!] may be serviceable to the least of the least therein."

After this fine and religious preamble the old worthy goes steadily on through every country and region of the world—resolute as Drake and as furious a hater of the Spaniards as Raleigh. His chapters on America breathe the old Elizabethan spirit against the Spaniards, and he seems never tired of railing at the enormous cruelties of the conquerors of the New World. In his ninth book on America (chapter fifteen) he says, in a whirlwind of quaint invective:

"I was once present, says Casas, when the inhabitants of the town brought us forth victuals and met us with great kindness, and the Spaniards, without any cause, slew three thousand of them, and twenty-two caciques met us, whom the captain, against all faith, caused to be burned. This made the desperate Indians hang themselves (which two hundred did), and a Spaniard, seeing them take this course, made as though he would hang himself, too, and persecute them even in the region of death, which fear detained some from that self-execution. Six thousand children died in three or four months' space, while I was there, for the want of their parents, who were sent to the mines. From Darien to Nicaragua they slew four hundred thousand people with dogs, swords, fear,

and diverse tortures. The like they did in the kingdom of Venezuela, destroying four or five millions, and out of that continent carried to the islands for slaves, at times, in seventeen years a million of people. But why do I longer trace them in their bloody steps?"

Such was the way in which men wrote who had just heard of the Gunpowder Plot, men who, as children, had seen their mothers' cheeks glow and their fathers' eyes sparkle at the glorious news of the rout of the boastful Armada. It was such cruelties that made the Spaniards hateful to all Europe, that corrupted their nation, that made their climax so brief, that rendered England their deadly and dangerous enemy for nearly a century, and, finally, that left them where they are at present—the last laggards in the race of civilisation.

Manningtree, near Harwich, though a mere small, struggling town on the southern bank of the Stour, is, like Pleshy, a Shakespearian place, being mentioned in Henry the Fourth, where Falstaff is compared, by the mad prince, to "a roasted Manningtree ox, with a pudding in its belly." Manningtree is a place especially connected with one of the most miserable and cruel of old superstitions—the belief in witchcraft. It, indeed, went very hard with all poor, soured, half crazed old women for several centuries, and Essex was especially debased by the irrational persecution. The world had had feverish fits of wild burning, as in Geneva in 1575, when, in three months only, five hundred witches were burnt, or, as in Como, in 1524, when one thousand were burnt in one year. That notorious fool or knave, or both, Matthew Hopkins, "the witch finder," in 1645, hurried to execution about one hundred persons in Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk. This man pretended to discover the diabolical marks (generally warts) on the old women, by which the devil had marked them for his own. At last, submitting to his own tests, "hoist by his own petard," unlucky and over-zealous Matthew was himself found to be diabolical, and was hung incontinently. Still the miserable fear and folly continued. Even Hale, wise and excellent judge though he was, burnt two unlucky persons for witchcraft in 1664, and in 1676 seventeen or eighteen persons were burnt at St. Osyth's in Essex. In 1716 Mrs. Hicks and her child (nine years old) were hanged at Huntingdon. The last sufferer in Scotland was at Dornach in 1722.

Harwich, a place declining ever since the French war ended with that thunder-clap at Waterloo, stands on a point of land bordered by the sea on the east, and on the north by the estuaries of the Stour and Orwell. The Romans, wishing to guard the Saxon settlements on the south and east coast from fresh German pirates, established a sort of sea patrol or coastguard, under the command of "the honourable count of the Saxon shore," whose jurisdiction reached from Aldrington in Sussex to Brancaster in Norfolk. The Saxons in their turn continued the same patrol, and this town obtained its name from their camp, "Here-wich"

(the town of the army). The Romans have left traces here, for there is still a Roman paved road leading to the town, and a camp with ramparts and fosse reaching from the south side of the town to Beacon Hill Field. In 855 King Alfred broke up the Danish piratical fleet at the broad mouth of the Orwell and captured every vessel. After the Norman invasion, and the decay of the older town of Orwell, which stood on a spot now a shoal five miles from the shore, Harwich became a place of importance and a favourite spot of embarkation for Holland and Flanders. In September, 1326, Isabella, queen of Edward the Second, landed at Harwich, with seven hundred and fifty Hainaulters, her son the prince, and her paramour, Roger Mortimer. Here, joined by three bishops, and the Earls of Kent and Norfolk, she marched against her husband and his evil counsellors. A year from that day the weak king was cruelly put to death in the vaulted room at Berkeley. In 1338 Edward the Third sailed from Harwich with five hundred blazoned, gilded, and turreted vessels for his first campaign against France. In the following year eleven French galleys, "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike," hovered menacingly round the mouth of the Orwell, but did not venture within reach of our cross-bow bolts and arrows. In 1340, Edward the Third set sail again from Harwich on Midsummer Eve, took half the enemy's ships, and made many prisoners. In due time Henry the Eighth, Queen Elizabeth, and Charles the Second visited the town. William the Third chose Harwich as his point of departure for Holland, and George the First and Second started joyfully from this same Essex town, which modern travellers have malignantly branded as dull.

On September 6th, 1761, the great but heavy Lord Anson arrived at Harwich from Cuxhaven with the Princess Charlotte, of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, the destined bride of the young King George. They had been a week at sea. She remained all the Sunday on board the royal yacht in Harwich Roads, landed late on the Monday, was welcomed by the authorities in the usual respectful and tiresome manner, and then posted on to Colchester, where Mr. Green, a private gentleman, gave her tea, and a native of the place presented her with a box of candied eringo root. Lord Harcourt, the king's representative, describes the Princess as full of good sense, vivacity, and cheerfulness, no regular beauty, but a good figure, with a charming complexion, and very pretty eyes. The Princess entered London by Whitechapel, wearing a fly cap with lace lappets, a diamond spangled stomacher, and a gold brocade suit of clothes with a white ground.

In 1764, four years after the ascent of George the Third, Charles William Frederick, Prince of Brunswick, landed at Harwich, on his way to claim the hand of the young king's sister, the Princess Augusta. The new queen (Charlotte) had a small German jealousy of Brunswick. The prince was a knightly, ugly

man, addicted to gallantry. The good people of Harwich nearly pulled down his lodgings in their eagerness to see him. Even the Quakers went slightly crazed; one Friend, indeed, actually forced his way in, doffed his hat, in defiance of old Penn, kissed the prince's hand, declared that though on principle he did not fight himself, he liked those who could, blessed him, and departed. The marriage rites were so jealously restricted, that not even a congratulatory salute was fired. The bridal pair supped humbly at Leicester House, and the prince was driven to court the Opposition—foolish Newcastle, heroic Chatham, and the butcher Duke of Cumberland. At Brunswick the couple were welcomed on their return by the Countess of Yarmouth, the ugly mistress of George the Second, the bride's grandfather. So much for German propriety!

On August 16th, 1821, H.M.S. Glasgow sailed from Harwich with the dead body of the imprudent and unhappy Queen Caroline. It was a singular fact that the naval officer who was charged to carry back the queen's body was the same man who from the main chains of the Jupiter (fifty-gun ship) had handed her a rope when she embarked in the Elbe, a hopeful, reckless, and happy bride-elect, twenty-nine years before. That cruel scene at the coronation killed her. She had claimed to be crowned, or at least to share in the ceremonial. The Privy Council of course decided against her, in spite of even the eloquence and subtlety of Brougham. She was repulsed at every door by the half-frightened constables, grenadiers, and door-keepers. That cruel and unfortunate ceremony took place on the 19th of July. On the 7th of August, the poor, foolish, high-spirited woman, died broken-hearted at Hammersmith. How could the marriage have been expected to be happy? Caroline was the daughter of a foolish frivolous woman, and of a brave, handsome, vicious man. She grew up smart, clever, thoughtless, and imprudent. She arrived in England a romping, coarse, vulgar, dirty German woman, the first approach of whom drove the prince to instantly ask Lord Harris for some brandy. The Regent was already married, and had been in love with the most beautiful and accomplished women in England. The polished scoundrel! he had promised Mrs. Fitzherbert ten thousand pounds a year, and had just settled her in splendid infamy in a mansion in Park-lane! On his very first visit to the punctilious, snuffy, dull, dreary old court at Windsor, he took down the pretty, pouting, spiteful Lady Jersey with his bride. The prince had only married this wilful German frau in order to get money to pay his enormous debts, which included such items as forty thousand pounds to his farrier, and fourteen hundred pounds a year to Mrs. Crouch, the actress, one of his innumerable ex-mistresses. The husband and wife hated each other at the first sight, and the more they knew of each other, the more just and the more virulent the hatred became. After the disgraceful marriage, at which the prince was so

drunk that he had to be propped up by two of his affectionate and equally respectable brothers, there was a dismal supper at Buckingham House, and at midnight the happy pair drove off to Carlton House, wrangling with each other by the way, so at least court rumour said. Poor, poor woman!

Her funeral procession to Harwich was troublous and disgraceful! The King by Divine Right was just starting to glorify Ireland, and settle everthing there by a flying visit. Lord Liverpool, determined there should be no exhibition of popular enthusiasm for the crushed and tortured woman, ordered an escort of cavalry to accompany the body at once to Harwich, in spite of the remonstrances and entreaties of Lady Hood, Lord Hood, and Alderman Wood. The London mayor and corporation wished to carry the corpse with all civic honours through the city. Lord Liverpool, in his small, timid, mean way, resolved to smuggle it by the New Road to Romford and to Harwich, or else by water direct; but he was afraid of a riot at London-bridge. On the 14th of August—a wet and stormy day—the miserable, tawdry procession set out. At Kensington church the cavalry tried to sidle off towards Bayswater. Then the city went mad, a barricade was instantly thrown up, and, in spite of the Life Guards, the cortège was hurried on by force towards the city. At Hyde Park-gate and Park-lane there were fresh outbreaks. At the corner of Edgeware-road the Life Guards, losing their temper, fired at the people, wounded several, and shot two men dead. At Tottenham-court-road, however, the people, passively stubborn, forced the procession down Drury-lane into the Strand. After the riot had lasted seven hours, the people shook London with their shouts of triumph. The civic authorities accompanied the heedless corpse as far as Whitechapel, the eastern limit of the city "liberties." At Romford the mourners passed the night, but the royal corpse was sent on, and rested in St. Peter's church, Colchester. During the night a silver plate, describing the deceased as "the injured" or "the murdered queen of England" was affixed to the coffin-lid, but afterwards removed. At Harwich seven vessels awaited the body; the coffin was carelessly swung into a barge, the squadron set sail under a salute from Landguard Fort, and passed straight to Cuxhaven. At Brunswick some hundreds of the citizens drew the funeral car to the cathedral gates. The unhappy and unfortunate woman lies, says Dr. Doran, in the cathedral of St. Blaize, between two heroes—her old father, who fell fighting at Jena for ungrateful Prussia; and her brother, who, at the head of the savage Black Brunswickers, fell avenging him at Waterloo.

Harwich has so fine a harbour that it is said that one hundred sail of the line and four hundred sail of colliers could anchor there together at the same time. Yet in spite of the two lighthouses, warning vessels from the shoal of the West Rocks, the navigation requires a pilot. Still, somehow or another, the

commerce and traffic have decreased since the French war ended, and Harwich will some day, unless it looks out sharper, become as Orwell, over whose decay it once triumphed. No one, nevertheless, can yet crow over Harwich, for it still boasts one hundred vessels and a considerable fleet of wherries that ply to Manningtree and Ipswich. In the Harwich docks seventy-four gun ships have been built. The harbour has a fine opening, is deep and generous, and is, and probably always will be, the only safe sheltering roadstead between Yarmouth and the Thames, although Lowestoft is a dangerous rival, and Yarmouth is more convenient for Holland, Germany, and Sweden. Now the garrison and government works are gone, Harwich shows signs of age. Its ruin began in its own greediness as early as 1742, when the townspeople and innkeepers were so rapacious with strangers from Holland and Germany that sloops were started to go direct between London and Holland; it was just the same short-sighted greediness, in the latter case for dock dues, that ruined Bristol irreparably, and made Liverpool.

There was a day when old Burleigh shook his wise head over a chart of our east coast, and said, in his sententious way, "Harwich must be fortified against the Spaniard." Sure enough in 1625 a Spanish fleet did swoop round Harwich, and rather scared the marsh people. In Queen Anne's time the town was fortified against the sailors of Louis Quatorze. The blockhouses have now disappeared, and so have the ancient gates, St. Austin, Barton's or the Watergate, Castle Gate, and St. Helen's Port; but there is Landguard Fort, built by James the First on the Suffolk Point still, with its twenty heavy traversing guns, to protect the passage from the sea.

THE UNIVERSE.

SOME readers may be inclined to think it an act of presumption to attempt to treat so vast a topic as the constitution of the universe in a slight sketch comprised in one short paper. It would be so were the universe a chaos, a heterogeneous medley, a system of independent and uncurbed anarchies. But the universe, on the contrary, is symmetry, order, law. The most recent discoveries of science tend to prove that the universe is one, a unity, made up of like co-ordinate parts, and of similar when not identical materials.

It has been often said that the mind of man is incapable of comprehending the infinite. This may be true in a certain sense, because we may entertain reasonable doubts whether we really and fully understand *anything*. But for my own part, as far as the visible universe is concerned, I feel much less difficulty in comprehending its infinity than in conceiving that it can possibly be finite.

As to space: Can we by any effort imagine the existence of a boundary, a blank wall, an impassable limit, where there is no further ex-

tension of space? Where a winged messenger or angel, sent on the errand of penetrating deeper into space, would have to turn back because there was no more space to penetrate? No; we cannot figure to ourselves such a final limit to the extent of the universe, such a ring-fence enclosing all things created. It is far easier both to grant and to understand that space *must* be infinitely extensible.

Then again, as to time: We cannot conceive its actual stoppage. The events by which we measure time, the motions of the heavenly bodies might alter, nay, might even cease; the planets might all fall into the sun, suns might coalesce or group together, making new heavens and new earths, still there would be a change, a progress, which is only another mode and manifestation of time. Even supposing (what is impossible to suppose) that no more motion or event took place in the universe—that the great All were still, stagnant, and dead—time nevertheless, that is to say eternity, would not cease. Immortal beings would yet possess and enjoy an everlasting now of life and happiness. Here also we can more readily admit the infinite than conceive the finite.

We have now a clear and comprehensive knowledge of what, to our forefathers, was impenetrable mystery. The early inhabitants of the earth would naturally take it to be a flat surface spread out in all directions. The sun, moon, and stars would be simple luminaries hung in the heavens for their convenience to afford them light. Travel might teach them that this flat surface was considerably larger than they at first suspected; but a moment's reflection must soon convince them that it could not extend in all directions *indefinitely*. They would witness regularly, every day, the sun rising on one side of the earth and setting on the opposite side; and, moreover, not rising and setting at the same points of the horizon for an observer stationed at one and the same spot. At one season the point of emergence would advance, day by day, towards the north; at another time of the year it would gradually shift towards the south. The sun's setting would present exactly similar circumstances. The same of the risings and settings of the moon. A great number of the stars would be observed to rise and set in the east and the west, like the sun and the moon, with the difference that each star would rise and set always at the same points of the horizon, if observed from the same spot on the earth's surface.

Now, no doubt could be entertained that the heavenly bodies which reappeared daily by rising in the east, were the *same* bodies which had previously disappeared by setting in the west. They must therefore have passed either *beneath* the earth or *through* it, during the interval of time between their setting and their rising. The latter alternative being impossible, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that the earth could not spread, in the direction of the horizon, as far as the stars. There *must* be a free passage, all round the

earth, allowing the heavenly bodies to make their daily peregrinations. The earth's extent once admitted to be limited, the idea of its roundness would soon come to explain it; and, little by little, the earth came to be acknowledged as a globe suspended in space, and resting on nothing.

After this first grand step, it was remarked that the other heavenly bodies are also globes whose real distances from us are enormously greater than had been supposed. Gradually, the truth was forced on men's minds that the terrestrial sphere, so vast in respect to us, is excessively small compared with most of the stars which spangle the firmament. Instead of being the centre of the universe, for whose benefit all the rest had been created, it is reduced to the rank of a mere planet, one of a numerous family, all regularly revolving round the sun. Moreover, the conditions in which the planets exist and the circumstances noticeable on their surfaces, show that some of them at least may be inhabited, as well as the earth.

Furthermore, the stars which twinkle in every part of the firmament, are neither more nor less than suns, of different dimensions, amongst which *our* sun is certainly not the largest. It is more than probable that each of these suns is accompanied by a system of planets revolving round him. Planets are the most reasonable explanation of the phenomena of variable stars; the most celebrated of which is Algol, or the star β of the constellation Perseus, whose period of variation is extremely regular. For two days and fourteen hours it maintains without diminution its greatest degree of brightness, which is followed by a gradual weakening of its light, and then by an equally gradual increase of the same, the whole of those changes taking place in a little less than seven hours. It is believed that there is no actual difference in the quantity of light emitted by the star itself, but that some opaque body, such as a very large planet, by revolving round the star at a short distance from it, screens its light by passing before it, and so causing a considerable eclipse. This supposition accords with the regularity of the phenomenon, and with the short duration of the partial obscurity relative to the total duration of the period of brightness.

Each fixed star being accompanied by planets, it is a natural inference that some of them may be inhabited, as are some of the planets belonging to our own solar system. The distances of these stars from each other are immense. The dimensions of our solar system are as nothing in comparison; and, in the solar system itself, the earth, which appeared so vast at the outset, is now known to be a mere point, a tiny speck.

Spectral analysis has been mentioned more than once in these pages, we therefore do not now repeat what has been stated before. It is enough to say, that it is a recently-discovered mode of investigating the composition of bodies, by examining the light they emit while burning or at very high temperatures. Now, without entering into further detail, it is found

that the heavenly bodies contain substances exactly the same as those which make up the solid crust of the earth. Those bodies may include elementary substances which we have not; we have some whose presence has not yet been ascertained in certain stars; but, when it is found that the sun contains iron in plenty, besides barium, copper, and zinc in small quantities; that Aldebaran (the star marked α in the Bull) has soda, magnesia, hydrogen, lime, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury; that Sirius, the brilliant Dog Star, likewise confesses to soda, magnesia, hydrogen, and probably iron; and that many others, not only of the stars but of the nebulae, have been made to avow their possession of similar, if not exactly identical, elements—would it not be the merest quibble to deny that the universe is One in material constitution?

The mass and volume of a thing, being attested by the force it exercises, may be taken as positive qualities; but its *magnitude* is quite relative. Men are colossi for the emmet, puny dwarfs for the elephant, lilliputian pigmies for the whale. There is a curious but inseparable relation between apparent size and actual distance. By a strange illusion of our senses, the appearance which any object presents depends both upon its actual size and on the space intervening between it and us. If we can neither touch an object nor get at it in any way, its actual distance remains unknown, and we are liable to make the most erroneous estimate of its real dimensions. At first sight the sun and moon appear very small compared with the earth, while the stars might pass for jets of gas, like those used in illuminating public buildings. This illusion gave rise to the once-current opinion that the sun is not bigger than a barrel, and caused the ancient Greeks to be laughed at for asserting him to be as large as the Peloponnesus, the modern Crimea.

But it happens that appreciable size varies inversely as the distance. The further off a thing is, the smaller it appears to our senses; and vice versa. The rule holds good with the smallest perceptible objects as well as with the greatest. The microscope gives us the view of an object which would be seen by a properly constituted eye beholding it from the distance of its object-glass. It gives us a nearer view, a closer insight, of what we wish to inspect, and so *magnifies* it. And were our faculties not limited, we should doubtless find, upon still closer inspection, that even the elementary atoms of which all bodies are composed have *size*—even the particles composing air and the very lightest known substance, hydrogen gas.

The relation between distance and magnitude is daily forced upon our notice, although we may be slow to draw from it one inference touching the constitution of the universe, namely, that *all* is small and *all* is great. It is true that the adult, as well as the child, may say,

Twinkle, twinkle, *little* star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

because the variation of the distance between us and the stars is so infinitesimal in amount, compared with their enormous distance, that for us they are *always* little; but with terrestrial objects, this is not the case. On climbing the slope of a lofty mountain, our fellow-creatures, seen on the plain below, soon show "scarce so big as beetles," then as mites, and finally become invisible animalcules. We restore to them a portion of their original size, and render them visible, by drawing them nearer to us with the telescope. Thus the telescope is the microscope of large distant things, while the microscope is the telescope of small things in too close approximation for their parts to be perceptible by our limited organs. It shows and proves that between their parts there are intervals which would otherwise escape our observation and cognisance; that what we think to be contiguous and continuous, is really separate and broken up into parts. The telescope extends our range of vision outwards, the microscope enables it to plunge deeper inwards.

The intervals between the ultimate particles of bodies will probably ever remain beyond our ken and measurement, visible only to the eye of the mind. Some philosophers have held that the distances which separate the atoms constituting solid bodies, are as great, relatively to their actual size, as those from one fixed star to another. That the atoms of which everything—gas, liquid, or solid—is made up are not contiguous, and do not absolutely touch each other, is proved by their expansion and contraction under heat and cold. A favoured hypothesis maintains that those atoms revolve round each other, like the heavenly bodies, and that their revolutions are made perceptible to us by the sensations of warmth or chilliness, as the case may be.

Dr. Tyndall, to explain the heating of a lump of lead by the blows of a sledge-hammer, says, "The motion of the mass, as a whole, is transformed into a motion of the molecules of the mass. This motion of heat, however, though intense, is executed within limits too minute, and the moving particles are too small, to be visible. Here the imagination must help us. In the case of solid bodies, while the force of cohesion still holds the molecules together, you must conceive a power of vibration, with certain limits, to be possessed by the molecules. You must suppose them oscillating to and fro; and the greater the amount of heat we impart to the body, or the greater the amount of mechanical action which we invest in it by percussion, compression, or friction, the more rapid will be the molecular vibration, and the wider the amplitude of the atomic oscillations." Now, if the vibration describes a long ellipse, like the dance of a gnat in the air, it becomes precisely the orbit of a revolving comet which remains in attendance on its sun, instead of wandering from system to system.

If this be true—and Dr. Tyndall adds, "the molecules have been thought by some, notably

by Sir Humphry Davy, to *revolve* round each other, and the communication of heat, by augmenting their centrifugal force, is supposed to push them more widely asunder;"—if this be true, there is a complete analogy between the smallest and the greatest of created things. An iron-filing, a drop of oil, a bubble of air, are galaxies of atoms, obeying the laws of their mutual attractions and repulsions; while the stars we call fixed, are only the atoms composing some great whole whose form and contour are beyond the scope of our vision. And thus, whether we look outwardly, to reach the infinitely great, or inwardly, to penetrate the infinitely small, the prospect that meets us is alike, differing only in magnitude. And we may repeat that both in its mechanical and its material constitution, the universe is one—a unity.

THE WRECK OFF CALAIS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1866.

THE waves broke over the harbour light,
The women ran, screaming, along the pier,
The wind like a wild beast howled; the night
Grew darker as, with a shudder of fear,
We saw just then, by the flash and flare
A hissing rocket a moment cast,
A tossing wreck swept almost bare,
Aye! the cruel end it was coming fast!

A few more blows from the breaking sea,
A few more surges of angry wave,
And a floating spar and a plank would be
All that was left. Was there none to save?
None to struggle with surf and tide,
And the foaming hell of the angry flood,
That raved and raged with a devilish pride,
Howling, as 'twere, for human blood?

'Twas a little brig of St. Nazaire,
That wrestled with Satan at sea that night;
And the steady lighthouse flame fell there
On the women's faces, wan and white;
The children sobbed, and the mothers wept,
Hearing the sailors' screaming cries,
As the torchlight fell on the waves that leapt,
And gleamed on the staring and sorrowing eyes.

And then we could see the savage rush
Of the wolfish waves as they bore along,
And swept o'er the wreck with a ravening crush.
Then the moon shone out from the gloom bygone,
And up in the rigging dark there showed,
Bound to the ropes, five half-drowned men.
And one poor boy, who a spar bestrode
Till a breaker bore him into its den.

No brave man's heart could bear that cry,
As below, on the moonlit level sands,
The women knelt in their agony,
And wrung their tight-clasped pallid hands.
The moon was full, but its tranquil light
Lent only a terror to the snow,
And a horror and fear to the rolling surge,
And the restless mighty seethe and flow.

Then we English fellows, with cheer and shout,
Ran eagerly down to the further sand,
And dragged the life-boat quickly out
Not one of us lads but bore a hand.
'Twas bedded deep in the silt and snow,
And the drift was round it high and fast;
But we dragged it steadily, though slow,
Till the deeper water was reached at last.

But just as we launched a sour-faced man
 Came tow'rs us, biting his lips, and bade
 The noisy Frenchmen, who after him ran,
 "Pull out at once." Well, they were afraid;
 Still they tumbled in in their bragging way,
 Shouting their gibberish loud enough,
 But half way came a wave at play,
 And the lubbers were not of a right good stuff.

So they turned, and left the men to drown;
 Then we went mad at that, and raced
 For the boat at the other end of the town;
 And we ferried across, but the fools, disgraced,
 Would not bring the key, and were sullen and glum.
 So we tore down the rails, which did quite as well,
 And launched the boat, and were cool and dumb,
 Till we pulled away for that foaming hell.

How loud they cheered from the pier and sands
 As we shot like a sea bird to the wreck;
 Our hearts were good, but how weak our hands;
 Waves do not yield to a coxswain's beck.
 A cruel sea struck our staggering boat,
 A moment, and half of us had gone,
 And I and some others, on oars aloft,
 Saw the careless wave roll roaring on.

But English are English, come what may;
 And life to them is a paltry thing
 Compared with duty; so quickly they
 Pushed off while we were still struggling;
 And rescuing all that were left, again
 They pulled through the racing rolling tide,
 And saved the last Frenchman, whose worn weak
 brain
 Had turned when his friends had slowly died.

And the Sunday morning, when all was calm,
 Our steam-boat left with the five dead men,
 And half way across we sang a psalm
 Beside the row of coffins, and then
 The captain read us a chapter or two,
 Till presently up the white cliffs came;
 But not for them, the brave and true,
 Who put the Calais men to shame.

NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

A PLEA FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

ONE day this last Whitsuntide, at precisely eleven o'clock in the forenoon, there suddenly rode into the field of view commanded by the windows of my lodging, an equestrian phenomenon. It was a fellow-creature on horseback, dressed in the absurdest manner. The fellow-creature wore high boots, some other (and much larger) fellow-creature's breeches, of a slack-baked doughy colour and a baggy form, a blue shirt whereof the skirt or tail was puffily tucked into the waistband of the said breeches, no coat, a red shoulder-belt, and a demi-semi-military scarlet hat with a feathered ornament in front, which to the uninstructed human vision had the appearance of a moulting shuttlecock. I laid down the newspaper with which I had been occupied, and surveyed the fellow-man in question, with astonishment. Whether he had been sitting to any painter as a frontispiece for a new edition of

Sartor Resartus; whether "the husk or shell of him," as the esteemed Herr Teufelsdröckh might put it, were founded on a jockey, on a circus, on General Garibaldi, on cheap porcelain, on a toy-shop, on Guy Fawkes, on Wax-Work, on Gold Digging, on Bedlam, or on all, were doubts that greatly exercised my mind. Meanwhile my fellow-man stumbled and slid, excessively against his will, on the slippery stones of my Covent Garden street, and elicited shrieks from several sympathetic females, by convulsively restraining himself from pitching over his horse's head. In the very crisis of these evolutions, and indeed at the trying moment when his charger's tail was in a tobaccoist's shop, and his head anywhere about town, this cavalier was joined by two similar portents, who, likewise stumbling and sliding, caused him to stumble and slide the more distressingly. At length this Gilpinian triumvirate effected a halt, and, looking northward, waved their three right hands as commanding unseen troops to Up guards and at 'em. Hereupon a brazen band burst forth, which caused them to be instantly bolted with to some remote spot of earth in the direction of the Surrey Hills.

Judging from these appearances that a procession was under way, I threw up my window, and, craning out, had the satisfaction of beholding it advancing along the street. It was a Tee-Total procession, as I learnt from its banners, and was long enough to consume twenty minutes in passing. There were a great number of children in it, some of them so very young in their mothers' arms as to be in the act of practically exemplifying their abstinence from fermented liquors, and attachment to an unintoxicating drink, while the procession defiled. The display was, on the whole, pleasant to see, as any good-humoured holiday assemblage of clean, cheerful, and well-conducted people should be. It was bright with ribbons, tinsel, and shoulder-belts, and abounded in flowers, as if those latter trophies had come up in profusion under much watering. The day being breezy, the insubordination of the large banners was very reprehensible. Each of these, being borne aloft on two poles and stayed with some half dozen lines, was carried, as polite books in the last century used to be written, by "various hands," and the anxiety expressed in the upturned faces of those officers—something between the anxiety attendant on the balancing art, and that inseparable from the

pastime of kite flying, with a touch of the angler's quality in landing his scaly prey—much impressed me. Suddenly, too, a banner would shiver in the wind, and go about in the most inconvenient manner. This always happened oftenest with such gorgeous standards as those representing a gentleman in black, corpulent with tea and water, in the laudable act of summarily reforming a family feeble and pinched with beer. The gentleman in black distended by wind would then conduct himself with the most unbecoming levity, while the beery family, growing beerier, would frantically try to tear themselves away from his ministration. Some of the inscriptions accompanying the banners were of a highly determined character, as "We never, never, will give up the temperance cause:" with similar sound resolutions, rather suggestive to the profane mind of Mrs. Micawber's "I never will desert Mr. Micawber," and of Mr. Micawber's retort, "Really, my dear, I am not aware that you were ever required by any human being to do anything of the sort."

At intervals a gloom would fall on the passing members of the procession, for which I was at first unable to account. But this I discovered, after a little observation, to be occasioned by the coming-on of the Executioners—the terrible official Beings who were to make the speeches bye-and-bye—who were distributed in open carriages at various points of the cavalcade. A dark cloud and a sensation of dampness, as from many wet blankets, invariably preceded the rolling on of the dreadful cars containing these Headsmen, and I noticed that the wretched people who closely followed them, and who were in a manner forced to contemplate their folded arms, complacent countenances, and threatening lips, were more overshadowed by the cloud and damp than those in front. Indeed, I perceived in some of these so moody an implacability towards the magnates of the scaffold, and so plain a desire to tear them limb from limb, that I would respectfully suggest to the managers the expediency of conveying the Executioners to the scene of their dismal labours by unfrequented ways, and in closely tilted carls, next Whitsuntide.

The Procession was composed of a series of smaller processions which had come together, each from its own metropolitan district. An infusion of Allegory became perceptible when patriotic Peckham advanced. So I judged, from the circumstance of Peck-

ham's unfurling a silken banner that fanned Heaven and Earth with the words "The Peckham Life Boat." No Boat being in attendance, though Life, in the likeness of "a gallant, gallant, crew" in nautical uniform followed the flag, I was led to meditate on the fact that Peckham is described by Geographers as an inland settlement with no larger or nearer shore-line than the towing-path of the Surrey Canal, on which stormy station I had been given to understand no Life Boat exists. Thus I deduced an allegorical meaning, and came to the conclusion that if patriotic Peckham picked a peck of pickled poetry, this *was* the peck of pickled poetry which patriotic Peckham picked.

I have observed that the aggregate Procession was on the whole pleasant to see. I made use of that qualified expression with a direct meaning which I will now explain. It involves the title of this paper, and a little fair trying of Tee-Totalism by its own tests.

There were many people on foot, and many people in vehicles of various kinds. The former were pleasant to see, and the latter were not pleasant to see: for the reason that I never, on any occasion or under any circumstances, have beheld heavier overloading of horses than in this public show. Unless the imposition of a great van laden with from ten to twenty people on a single horse be a moderate tasking of the poor creature, then the Temperate use of horses was immoderate and cruel. From the smallest and lightest horse to the largest and heaviest, there were many instances in which the beast of burden was so shamefully overladen, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has frequently interposed in less gross cases.

Now, I have always held that there may be, and that there unquestionably is, such a thing as Use without Abuse, and that therefore the Total Abolitionists are irrational and wrong-headed. But the Procession completely converted me. For, so large a number of the people using draught-horses in it were clearly unable to Use them without Abusing them, that I perceived Total Abstinence from Horseflesh to be the only remedy of which the case admitted. As it is all one to Tee-Totallers whether you take half a pint of beer or half a gallon, so it was all one here whether the beast of burden were a pony or a cart-horse. Indeed, my case had the special strength that the half-pint quadruped underwent as much suffering as the half-gallon quadrup-

ped. Moral: Total Abstinence from Horseflesh through the whole length and breadth of the scale. This Pledge will be in course of administration to all Tee-Total processionists, not pedestrians, at the publishing office of ALL THE YEAR ROUND, on the first day of April, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy.

Observe a point for consideration. This Procession comprised many persons, in their gigs, broughams, tax-carts, barouches, chaises, and what not, who were merciful to the dumb beasts that drew them, and did not overcharge their strength. What is to be done with those unoffending persons? I will not run amuck and vilify and defame them, as Tee-Total tracts and plat-forms would most assuredly do, if the question were one of drinking instead of driving; I merely ask what is to be done with them? The reply admits of no dispute whatever. Manifestly, in strict accordance with Tee-Total Doctrines, THEY must come in too, and take the Total Abstinence from Horseflesh Pledge. It is not pretended that those members of the Procession misused certain auxiliaries which in most countries and all ages have been bestowed upon man for his use, but it is undeniable that other members of the Procession did. Tee-Total mathematics demonstrate that the less includes the greater; that the guilty include the innocent, the blind the seeing, the deaf the hearing, the dumb the speaking, the drunken the sober. If any of the moderate users of draught-cattle in question should deem that there is any gentle violence done to their reason by these elements of logic, they are invited to come out of the Procession next Whitsuntide, and look at it from my window.

LOST AND FOUND IN THE SNOW.

HIGH up, below the summit of the Brocken, chief of the Harz mountains, is a flat moorland, the Brockenfeld, wild, dreary, far from men. The nearest town belongs to the miners of Andreasberg, three hours distant, and the weather is not often friendly to much intercourse. The air of the Brockenfeld is nearly always cold, the trees are stunted and overgrown with a long greylichen, which apparently protects them from the wintry blast, and looks like the beard of an old man. No flowery fields are here; no corn, not even potatoes, will thrive in this dreary home of cold weather, starved and deformed trees, long damp moss, reeds, and sedges.

Only a rare wanderer passes this way, or an emigrant trading in canary-birds, which are largely bred among the miners, and brought down to Harzburg, thence to be despatched over Europe

in the tiny wicker cages we often see them sold in. Or perchance in the height of summer visitors from Harzburg, who are using the saline baths there, or consumptive patients from the fir-needle cure of Andreasberg, will drive to the Brockenfeld to see the famous Rehberger Graben. Such visitors put up and dine at the forester's house, the only habitation in this district.

It was occupied some years ago by Paul Smitt, whose post was a tolerably lucrative one, the Hanoverian government having made some amends in payment for the lone position. But even the good pay tempted few to accept the situation.

When it was offered to Paul he accepted it eagerly. It was the very spot for him. He was a tall, sturdy, fine-looking man, his handsome face bronzed with long exposure to the wind and weather; only when he lifted his sugar-loaf shaped green huntsman's hat was there a bit of fair skin visible along the top of his forehead. His quiet blue eyes lay deep in his head, shaded by somewhat overhanging brows which gave a stern appearance to his face. He had always been grave; as a boy he had not mixed in the sports of his companions, but kept aloof and apart from them to study his forester craft. He loved his profession for its own sake, but there had been a time when he had loved it also for the sake of another, hoping by steady work sooner to bring about the doubling of his happiness. He had served his apprenticeship under a lowland forester, who encouraged and loved the studious youth, and did not see with any dissatisfaction that he worked harder after the forester's pretty daughter, Beatrice, came from her city boarding-school. Old Emil Bergen was glad to think that a young man he liked so much might become his son-in-law, and relieve him of all further care for his one motherless child. He therefore brought the young people as much together as he could, and once when a ticklish matter had to be reported down in the town, instead of going himself, he sent Paul, thus putting him in the way for promotion.

It was then, before he left for the town, that Paul spoke his mind to Beatrice. He had been working in the wood all the afternoon looking after the welfare of a young spruce nursery, when she passed him with a bunch of wood camelias in her hand.

"Oh, Paul," she said, seeing him, "look how many of these I have found. They are my favourite flowers, I love their simplicity; they thrive in out-of-the-way places; they are not ambitious," she added with a smile. "Not like you, Paul."

"Do you dislike my ambition?"

"Oh no, but you sit evening after evening over your books, studying how to improve your position in the world, and I think you might have given us more of your company."

"And for whom do you think I work so hard?" he asked, looking straight into her face.

"How should I know?" she said, saucily, though she blushed and looked down.

"Do you care to know?" he resumed, and as

he spoke he advanced a step nearer her and took the hand that hung listless by her side; the other held the flowers in which she was now burying her blushing face. She knew what was coming; she dreaded it, she longed for it, she seemed rooted to the spot as by some magic spell. She neither spoke nor stirred.

"Beatrice, I love you. I wished to work to make a position for myself in which my wife could live at ease as she had been used to do at home. I did not feel it honourable to take a girl from a good home to offer her a less comfortable one. You led me on just now, or it would not have been till I had house and range to call my own that I would have stepped to you and said, Beatrice, I love you. Will you be my wife? But as it is, it is; and if you can give me only a hope, Beatrice—"

She did not answer him one tiny word. Her head was only buried deeper in the flowers, but she did not resist him either when he drew her closer to him, when he held her in his strong embrace, and pressed a kiss on her bowed head.

"Say one word to me, Beatrice," he pleaded; "one word."

"I love you, Paul," she stammered. And then hastily broke away from him, and ran into the house.

A week after this the young man left for the town, where he stayed three months, and at the end of that time, was appointed to a station twelve miles distant from his love. Though it divided them, it made him glad, for would it not soon bring them together? It was not an advancement he could marry on, but it was the intermediate step to such promotion, and he was pleased to have got so far. Before departing for his new home, he went once more to say farewell to his old one, and to take away his few possessions. All was as he had left it, except Beatrice, and she seemed changed, how he could hardly say.

There was a shyness and distance about her manner towards himself that pained him; she had more the behaviour of a lady than those simple girlish ways he had delighted in before. When he dropped any hint of this to her father he pooh-poohed it. "Why, Paul," he said, "the maid must change into the woman, and thought of approaching matrimony sobers every girl. These are cobwebs of the brain, boy, shake them off, they are not worthy of her or of you."

Paul left the old Forsthaus with an anxious heart. But youth is so trustful and love so desirous to believe what it hopes, that the cheerful, friendly letters he received fortnightly from kind old Emil Bergen, full of news and messages from Beatrice, dispelled his doubts and fears. The young man worked on as steadily as ever.

But one August morning he received two letters. One was written in the stiff handwriting of his old master, the other sealed with the huge governmental seal. He hastily broke the latter for he thought it might directly concern the attainment of his aim in life; nor was he mistaken. The writing offered to Paul Smitt,

Förster, the Forsterei of Oderbruck on the Brockenfeld, with a good income and certain privileges in consideration of its lonely position.

Can I take Beatrice there? was his first thought. Will it be right thus to bury her alive. For himself he had no thought; wherever she was there was life enough for him.

While thus considering, he opened the other letter. His eyes flew over the pages, and as he read his face grew hard and sad. When he had come to the end he crunched the letter wildly in his hand, threw it far from him, and tottering into a chair burst into tears.

The letter that had changed the whole current of Paul's being ran thus:

"MY WELL LOVED PAUL,—How shall I find words in which to clothe my grief—our grief—for it is yours as well as mine, my boy? Beatrice is ours no longer; yesterday she left her father's home to follow the young squire of V—. All I can learn is that the gentleman has met her much lately in the wood, that they went away together, and were last seen near G—. I shall not attempt to follow her, to try and bring her back. She can be my daughter no longer. To deceive her doting old father and affianced husband; no, Paul, to forgive her, is more than I can do. But you, my boy, you must remain my son, as such I have always loved you. Come to see me as soon as you can leave; my eyes long to behold you, my ears to hear your voice. We will grieve together for our darling. Come to your affectionate fosterfather,

"EMIL BERGEN."

Paul accepted the governmental offer. What place could be too lonely for him now? What place lonely enough wherein to bury himself and his grief? There was a quiet meeting of the two men, struck by the same blow, the elder brought by it nearer to the grave, the younger having formed through it a grave for the full pride of life and youth. There was not much more for Paul to hear. The father knew little of his daughter, and had not sought to learn more.

"Paul, should she ever fall in your way, deal kindly to her, for her father's sake if you can no longer do so for her own. Will you, Paul?"

"I will," he replied, firmly. "And now farewell, my good father; may we soon meet again, happy we can never be, but perchance we may become more resigned."

"Amen," said the old man, but he shook his head doubtfully.

From that day forth Paul Smitt of Oderbruck had lived in the lonely Forsthaus, and since that day there had passed ten long, weary, uneventful years. He did his work conscientiously and well, was respected and feared by his servants and dependants, but during all those years no one had come any nearer to the lonely man. If any one were ill or in trouble, he was kind and sympathetic, inexhaustible in charity and well doing, but all thanks, all expression

of feeling he would ward off sternly. One day sped with him like another. At six he would take his frugal breakfast of beer, soup, and coarse black bread, at one he dined as frugally, at eight he took his supper, read for his instruction or amusement until ten, then went to bed.

Paul's grief had not diminished by his brooding on it as the years rolled on. Before he had been three weeks at his new home old Emil Bergen died, and Paul was left without a friend in the world. The only people with whom he might have visited were the keepers of the hotel on the top of the Brocken, to whom it was a two hours' walk over a rough, stony road. But he never sought their society; besides, in summer they were too busy with constant visitors, and in the winter they were either totally snowed up, or left the place altogether.

One winter night, the wind howled and moaned, and beat against the firm-built house as though it would level it at one gust, and when the wind ceased, the snow began steadily to fall, and falling still for eight whole days, lay so high upon the ground that the only way out of the house was by its roof. This was not unusual, and when the snow had hardened over, the inmates turned out by the roof as though it were a most natural thing. After a few days it snowed again, and one night Paul was roused from sleep by hearing some commotion in the house.

"What is it?" he called out; "what is the matter?"

"Travellers lost in the snow, sir; we are bringing them in."

"Right," he replied, "I shall be down directly." And in a few moments he was standing among his men in the long dark passage, where by the dim light of a candle a woman's body was being borne into the house, followed by a man carrying a child. The boy was living, there was no doubt of that, but the woman's fate was doubtful. When he saw that it was a woman, Paul approached no nearer.

"Prepare a warm bedroom at once," he commanded. "Hand her over to the female servants, and let me know if she be alive or dead. For all restoratives come to me. You, my brave fellows," he said, addressing the rescuers, "come in here and drink something hot."

This invitation they were not slow to obey, and while drinking, they told how they had been belated at their work, how they had heard something moaning at their feet, and how they had found this couple half buried in the snow. Presently a woman servant came in and reported that the mother was alive but very ill, and Paul ordered that if it were possible, some one should go over to Andreasberg next day to fetch the doctor. Meanwhile they should take the usual precautions for her and the child; for the care of people rescued from the snow was not a new experience at Oderbruck. Had the unfortunate wanderer been a man, Paul would have been the first at his bedside; but a woman, such a case had not occurred before, and he avoided women. For weeks this woman lay in his house

half dead. Daily he inquired after her, allowed his two maids to devote themselves entirely to her and the child, but in no other way allowed this incident to interfere with his life. The child, which had once run in his way and stood in mute admiration of the splendid man in grey and green, he sternly ordered to be kept out of sight. "Feed and keep the boy well, let him have all he needs, but do not let him run in my path," he said. And it never happened again.

After months of illness, weeks of convalescence, the sick woman was restored to health, and with her complete restoration spring also had set in, and she was anxious to proceed upon her way. But though warned and dissuaded by all the servants, she could not be induced to leave the house without seeing its master, and thanking him in person for his kindness.

So one evening in the twilight, when she had heard his firm heavy tread along the gravel, had heard him close the outer door behind him, and when he was about to enter his parlour, she ran down from her room and encountered him in the dark passage.

"Who is it?" he asked; he seeing still less than she, for he had come from out of the light.

"The woman whom you have sheltered for so long, sir. May I not speak a few words to you?" she asked, for he seemed inclined to enter the room and leave her standing without.

"What is it? Do you want to know your way? My men can tell you. Or money?—you shall have some."

"Neither," she said, taken aback by the hardness of his address. "I wanted to thank you." As she spoke, she followed him into the room.

He stood with his back to the window and disembarassed himself of his gun; she was opposite him and the failing light fell full upon her face.

"I do not love thanks. I have done no more than common humanity demanded." He looked up at her with a mien that said, you can go now. But when he saw her, he was spell-bound; a wild glare came into his eyes, and he seized her fiercely by the hand.

"Beatrice, is it you?"

It was her turn to be amazed; she had not seen him clearly before; now he had turned more to the light.

"My God!" she stammered. "O no, it cannot be Paul Smitt!"

"It is," he said, dropping her hand. The wild look had faded, the face had regained its hardness. "I am glad," he went on stiffly, "that chance has thrown you in my way. I can now deliver the message your dead father gave me for you."

"My father dead!" she screamed. "Oh Heaven, this also!" She fell down fainting at his feet.

Coolly and with seeming unconcern Paul rang for a servant, told him to remove the fainting woman, said that if she asked for a message from him, they should give her a letter he would presently write, ordered that she should be sped on her way with every comfort, but commanded

sternly that she might be brought no more into his presence.

Her father dead, the father to whom she was now about to go, to fall down at his feet and entreat his forgiveness, to pray him to grant a home, if not to herself, at least to her child. Led away by childish vanity, Beatrice had trusted the promises of the young squire of V—— that he would make her a lady, elevate her to his own rank. She had firmly believed until some few years since that he had married her, that the paper he had given her to sign was a true document, and that she had been basely deserted by her husband. When he left her, she had settled down quietly and soberly in busy little Andreasberg, where neither her name nor her story was known. There she had lived, respected and beloved, working her way steadily, keeping herself and educating her child, and even her own keen shame was beginning to deaden somewhat in feeling from its having no nourishment from without. Till one day, as she was walking through the marketplace to take some work home, she met the man who had played her false. He was arm in arm with another gentleman, smoking and laughing. She flew towards him, stammering she knew not what. He turned upon her fiercely, and muttered: "You shall suffer for this, woman!" Then with some light laughing remark to his companion, of which she could only distinguish "Some mistaken resemblance—must be mad!" they passed along.

From that day, Andreasberg was no refuge for her. Her story, mutilated and aggravated, was in every one's mouth, and one day, goaded to despair and frenzy, she determined to run from the town and seek her father's house once more. At least he could not be harder than the world. An angry visit from the squire, whom she had crossed effectually in a plan of marriage, caused her to pack her few valuables about herself, take up her child, and fly from him into the dark cold night with the snow lying thickly on the ground. She had gone on and on in a condition of half dream, with only sense enough to cover her boy from the cold; she felt how the chill air was benumbing her, how the snow clogged her footsteps, and at last knew nothing more till she found herself at the forester's house. From the wrath of the deceiver to the wrath of the deceived.

Beatrice threw herself on the floor in an agony of grief. As she lay thus, the servant Anna came in.

"Madam," she said, "your child is not well. Will you come to him?"

In an instant all her senses returned, and she followed to the adjoining room. The boy lay in his little bed, his face red with fever, moaning as though in pain, and when he saw his mother, it was but a very weak smile that played round his face.

"My child, my child!" cried Beatrice, falling on her knees beside the cot; "you must not be ill now, not just now, we cannot stay here, we must go. Do you think it is serious, Anna?"

"I'm afraid he's sickening for some child's illness, ma'am," was the reply; "at any rate you cannot move him as he is, you must wait and see what it turns to."

"But I can stay in this house no longer," she cried, "I must, I must, go."

"The Herr Förster would never turn you out while he could offer you a roof. You do not know him, madam; you do not know how good he is. I will go to him and tell him the child is ill, and he will, I am sure, press you to remain," and before Beatrice could prevent her the girl was gone.

While Beatrice was fighting with herself, holding her child in her arms meanwhile, the door opened and a firm step passed along the floor. She did not need to raise her head. She knew who stood there.

"Beatrice," he said, and his voice was softer than it had been that morning, "Beatrice, you must stay here; you must not imperil your child's life. I shall not come into your way more than before; had you not sought me, you would never have known under whose roof you had been all this while; nor should I have known," he went on, his voice failing him somewhat, "whom I had sheltered."

For some seconds there was silence in the room, then: "Have you any belongings?" he suddenly asked, "who will be anxious at your long absence? I will send a messenger if you will tell me where and to whom."

It had cost him much to ask this question.

"None."

He felt strangely relieved by the answer; why, he did not know. "Are you a widow?"

"I was never a wife."

He said no more, but stood for some time silently before her. His usually firm-set mouth worked ominously, and some tempest was brewing in his inner man; but he beat it down, and said, after some time of silence: "See that the child wants no comforts, the doctor will, I hope, be here to-morrow; it is difficult to get one to come, we are so out of the world. I wish the boy a good recovery. Farewell!" He turned to leave the room.

"Paul!" she cried, "Paul!" and she stretched out her hands imploringly after him. She understood that he meant this to be a farewell for ever; he did not wish to see her again; and yet she felt through it all that he loved her still. She could not bear to see him depart thus.

"Hush!" he said, turning round, with his hand upon the lock of the door, "you will excite your child;" with that he opened it and vanished.

A fearful time followed this! The child lay for weeks ill of scarlet fever, combatting between life and death. Beatrice never left his bedside; neither she nor the doctor dared venture a hope for his recovery.

As for Paul, he went about his daily work steadily and sternly as usual, but there was a greater thoughtfulness about his mouth, and a deeper sadness about his eye, and his people dared approach him less than ever. For inwardly a fierce battle was raging. He loved

Beatrice still, blindly, devotedly; the sight of her had roused him from his life in death. He had learnt that she was free, could still be his, and yet he hesitated. All would he forgive and forget, but could he forget with the child daily under his eyes? Perhaps he might die in this fever; and that was his one hope and wild desire, that the child might die. He inquired constantly as to its welfare and if he heard it was worse, a fierce pleasure would shoot through his heart.

At length, one day, when he was returning from his work, he met Beatrice in the little wood behind the house. Her face had become thin and drawn with care, her eyes were sunk and red with weeping, her whole aspect piteous. The nurse had sent her into the air, declaring that if she did not go out, she too would be ill, and then what would become of the boy. She moved along the walks like a sad spirit, and when she saw the tall figure approaching from the opposite side, she started and turned paler. "How is the boy?" asked Paul, coming up to her.

"He is dying, I fear; and O! I cannot bear to lose him." She rung her hands in her agony of distress.

When Paul saw her grief he felt ashamed of his wicked hope. Was that true love, he asked himself, to wish a grief thus intense to her whom he adored above all else in the world? No, and it was not worthy of a true heart.

"Let me see him," he said, suddenly. "I have had much experience of illness during my lonely life."

She led the way, and he followed. As they opened the door, the nurse motioned them to silence, her finger on her mouth. "He sleeps," she whispered, "we must not wake him. This is the crisis," she murmured, turning to the forester; "either he will pass away in this slumber, or recover."

They softly approached the bedside. Beatrice knelt down and buried her head in the clothes. She was praying. The nurse slipped softly out of the room. Paul stood at the foot of the cot and looked on. The child's little face, which Paul had last seen so bonnie and bright, was worn and thin; his breath was drawn so softly that at times it seemed to come no more; one small arm lay on the coverlet, its thin hand was clasped in its mother's grasp. She remained on her knees immovable, he knew not how long; only by her deep-drawn sighs he could see how earnestly she was wrestling and imploring for the little life that lay there so passively.

The blinding tears welled into his eyes, the first tears he had shed since he had learnt her untruth towards him.

Thus the night passed; he still standing; she kneeling. When the first cold streak of dawn fell into the room the child awoke.

"Mamma!" he said, feebly.

Suddenly she arose. "My child!" she exclaimed. "Saved! Thanks be to God."

"Amen!" answered a deep voice at the foot of the bed.

She started. "Paul, you here?"

"I have been here all night, and my prayers have gone up to Heaven with yours for the recovery of your boy. May I say our boy?"

She disengaged one hand from the child's neck, and gave it to Paul. He took it and pressed an ardent kiss on its attenuated fingers, and then he kissed the child.

"You must go now, dear Paul," said Beatrice, softly: "we must not excite the boy."

"May I not stay?" he pleaded, his tone gentle and the old tender look in his eyes.

"Not now, Paul, not just now. We will meet soon."

"Never to be parted again?"

"Pray Heaven no!"

Six years later, a lady and her companion visited the Brockenfeld and put up at Oderbrück. The lady was a sad embittered woman, who neither loved nor was loved in this world. Walking in the Forester's little garden after dinner, she saw him sitting there, smoking a long pipe; by his side a bright woman who held a child upon her knee, with whom the father was playing and which crowed merrily at him. A little beyond, a bigger boy was coachman to a small girl, harnessed as his horse. They were running in full gallop towards their parents, unaware of the presence of strangers.

"See, papa!" cries the elder of the two, "Maggie and I have been for a long trot, and have brought back mamma some of her own, own flowers." They laid a small bunch of wild camellias before their mother.

At that moment Paul Smit perceived the ladies, and rising politely, accosted them, saying he hoped they had been content with the very frugal hospitality it was in his power to offer them.

"Oh, quite," said the lady. "Is that your family, Herr Förster? You all look very happy: more happy than I have seen most people look in the town. How do you manage to exist up here? And to be happy?"

"One is happy wherever one's beloved are," he answered, fervently.

The reply was unexpected, curiously solemn, and sounded strange to the Squire's wife.

POPULAR SONGS OF ITALY.

THE songs the people sing in Italy are very different from the doggerel verses we are accustomed to hear at the Italian Opera. They are real songs, and tell us something of the habits and customs of the people—something, too, of their aspirations. They are like wild flowers. They have sprung up everywhere. No one knows who wrote them; you might as well ask who wrote the songs of the linnet.

Almost all their songs are songs of the affections: cradle songs, serenades, and dirges, which have been handed down—maybe with alterations—from generation to generation. Every pretty girl has her poet-laureate; every village has its improvisatore. Many, many,

ballads relate to brigandage; some few to hunting and the delights of the table. Wine, gambling, and a disgraceful kind of gallantry are the themes of a thousand songs. In Calabria, it is the fashion to idolise assassins and write songs about them, which the girls and young men sing at harvest time. In Corsica, it is the fashion to sing Voceri (or Vendetta songs) when any one dies a violent death. Hags are hired for the purpose (called Voce-ratrici); it is their duty to dance and brandish knives around the coffin of the deceased, and to drink wine (some say blood) to his memory.

Of all the songs of Italy, the songs of Tuscany are the most poetical and the least tainted with sensuality. Being written in pure Italian, they have a strictly national character and serve as models to the rest of the peninsula. The Stornelli or Pastoral Odes, and the Nanne or Cradle Songs, are all Tuscan in their character. They become corrupted in the different villages into which they are introduced, but in print they are nearly always the same. Scratch the patois with your pen, and you will find the pure Tuscan underneath. Venice is famous for its serenades; Naples for its love songs, properly so called; Rome for its Novelle or Sacred Ballads—the epics of the saints, the only tracts tolerated by the Church of Rome. The Maggi (Songs of May) are sung in every village in the land, from the borders of Istria and Tyrol to Cape Pesaro.

One reason why the Italians have no national ballads is that, until recently, they had no nationality. They never cared much about their history; they never took enough interest in their local patriotism to write ballads about it. The Italians are a brave people, but they are not self-reliant. They are affectionate, but not faithful; hospitable to strangers, but not famous for gratitude. They illuminate their streets in honour of the incoming dynasty, but they never sang songs about a dethroned king as the Scotch did about the Stuarts. They have plenty of old castles, but no chivalry; plenty of old families, but no old familiar name like Robin Hood or William Tell. Their oldest "myth" is Garibaldi; their oldest battle songs were written in 1859. One of the best of these, the Three-coloured Flag, was written by a Garibaldian:

THE THREE-COLOURED FLAG.*

I.

Hurrah for the Three-coloured Flag,
The best and the bravest of all!
Hurrah for the martyrs who fall
For the love of the Three-coloured Flag!

II.

Hurrah for the king and the Chief
Who ended our national grief!
Hurrah for the king,
And the cause that we sing,
When we die for the Three-coloured Flag!
Hurrah for the Three-coloured Flag!

* *La Bandiera Tricolore sempre è stata la più bella, &c.*

III.

The flag that we love is so pretty,
Its fame shall be sung in a ditty;
Its virtues are seen
In the red, white, and green,
When it waves on the walls of a city!
Hurrah for the Three-coloured Flag!

These Volunteer songs are helping on the great work of regeneration in Italy. Borne from north to south, from east to west, and back again, by soldiers who sing them in the village inns while on the march, and at home in work and play after their term of service, the love songs of Italy, as well as its ballads and war songs, get scattered over the length and breadth of the land. A few years hence, every Italian peasant who has a brother, a father, or a son in the army (and no peasant in Italy is without some such military connexion, owing to the conscription) will know something or other of his mother-tongue. The songs of Tuscany will work their way into the provincial dialects, and in process of time a united language no less than a united territory will be the result. Never did popular songs do a better work than the patriotic songs of Italy are doing at the present moment. The conscript soldiers of the north and south of Italy—compelled to become Tuscans, or they do not understand the orders of their chiefs—are carrying the germs of language, of literature, into lonely places and uncultured villages, and are making boorish peasants ashamed of their jargon. It is already becoming a point of pride with country girls to sing in pure Tuscan; perhaps in remembrance of the volunteers who rushed wildly about the country, a few years ago, in search of foes and sweethearts, finding both, and leaving with each some striking souvenir—a kiss, a song, or a bullet! In no other way can we account for the prodigious number of Tuscan songs which village girls, who do not know how to read or write, and cannot speak anything but patois, know by heart. The girls will become matrons, and the children of the future will become Italians—not mere Neapolitans, Lombards, and Piedmontese—and will speak their mother-tongue in the good time coming.

TOM BUTLER.

A BOY'S HERO. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I. THE HILL.

FOR every boy there is his hero—a splendid, valiant, noble creature, to whom he looks up, physically. As the hero holds the smaller hand in his, and strides along, the boy admires and treasures every speech. Such a one for me was once the brave and gallant Tom Butler, *who knew the world*, which I did not; who could talk, could go anywhere, and do anything. Yet there were not so many years between us. It was clear action that interposed the large interval.

With this hero I became acquainted very early in life. He comes before me in three scenes, and the first scene was abroad in a foreign country.

At one period I see our family in France, on a hill overlooking Havre, attended by masters, watched over by that conscientious governess, Miss Simpson, while I myself was in a state of eternal protest and revolt. Never did the bright blessings—and such cheap blessings as they are!—of sun and tropical days, and balmy airs, and trees, and acres of soft grass, eddying down towards the town far below, seem so inviting. Those recollections are shaded by no dark or lowering days, no gloomy fogs, no weeks of drizzle; it was Italian, cerulean blue, pleasant green, and most inviting.

The hill, or Côte, as it was called, was an agreeable suburb, looking down on the great seaport, whose houses, docks, and stores were all clustered below: with the sea beyond. A most agreeable amphitheatre it was, and the descent was in the main by terraces and stages of steps. The ascent, under the broiling French suns, coming at the close of an important expedition to the town, was a very serious and exhausting business. On the edge of the hill, I see now a sort of comb, as it were, of bright villas on the roadside, with a fine common in front. I say "fine," because adapted to boys' sport of every degree—to fights, ball play, kite-flying, and what not. Those residences, that seem to me now like houses out of an opera, for they were always in the glare of the Havre sun, were cheerful in their yellow tone, their green jalousies, their old-fashioned air, and the luxuriant gardens behind and about them, where the apple-trees abounded, and the oranges tried to grow, but were cut off in an untimely way by organised parties of bandits. The grapes clustered about the windows so luxuriantly that they were held in low estimation, as not worth pillage and inferior in quality.

Most of these mansions were occupied by English colonists—one or two by English exiles: and I recal our immediate neighbour, seen within his chateau-like gate stooping over his flowers, a Captain Butler, one sleeve of his pepper-and-salt shooting-coat growing flat to his chest. A great family swarmed about him, and there were rumours of a struggle and sore privations.

He was a grave man, haughty and reserved, and seemed then to take that curious shape of a separate *potentate*, as I have often remarked, endowed with more mysterious power and importance—greater

than seem to invest individuals of real influence at a later era. Our houses did not know each other, though *we* were not indisposed to intimacy—a distance, however, that did not extend to the junior branches. His son, Tom Butler, a tall English lad, thin, wiry, and pale, I looked up to with a longing admiration—he was so independent, so grand, so strong, and went where he liked. He seemed a *separate potentate*, too, and could "*do things*" which, somehow, I never could. Indeed, we saw that he and the one-armed captain were not on good terms, and two of us, one day, on a guilty ascent up an apple-tree in the next garden, heard below us a frightful altercation between the two men. Peeping through the branches—and not without misgiving lest the scene might end indirectly in our own personal detection, trial, and execution—we saw the captain's square face glowing with a sort of mournful and suppressed fury, and caught these memorable words:

"*You disgraced me before, sir, and you have now disgraced me again!*"

We had to carry this denunciation about with us for days, nearly bursting, and not daring to reveal it to mortal, save an English maid, who could be relied on, and who shook her head and said, "Like enough—like enough!"

The English complexion of the district was certainly very strong. Not very far on was Mr. Darbyshire's house, a charming English place, with hothouses and green-houses, and a real Scotch gardener, who had been there ten or fifteen years, could not pass one of the roadside crosses, or meet a procession, without his features expressing open pain and hostility. They were "a peeteous crew," he said, to the last, "the puir, benighted creeturs," and the like. He would not mix with them. His master, Mr. Darbyshire, was a wealthy merchant, in the shipping way, who had shares in the steamers between Southampton and our port, and was universally known as "M. Debbisha." A little under the hill, with its roof on a level with its crest, was Mr. Longtail's English academy, with its highest references, to the Reverend William Short, British chaplain; to Captain Gunter, H. B. M. Consul, Quai Montpensier; to the Lord Montattic; to the Honourable Mrs. Colman; to W. H. Darbyshire, Esq., The Côte, Havre; and to many more. Mrs. Longtail looked after the boys' linen, and "was a guarantee for the comforts of a home." This was her husband's fond and too partial statement, loudly dissented

from by the young gentlemen, who called him old "Pig-in-the-Wind," the origin for which extraordinary sobriquet I never discovered, nor, indeed, thought of asking. "Guarantee, indeed," said Tom, contemptuously, "yes, guarantee—that's all the tea we get out of her!—and fine swash it is!" The young gentlemen wore a uniform here, gilt buttons and puce-coloured cuffs and collars.

Our house, as I have said, was charming to look at, with its green jalousies and vines creeping all over, and its cool porch. The upper story took the shape of a pediment or triangle, with a circular window, or hole in the middle, an apartment which I always fondly ambitioned, not for the elevation or for the view, which was fine, but for the mechanical pleasures associated with that window; for the intricacies and peculiarities were more than are usually attached to a French window. It was otherwise allotted. It commanded a full view, too, of the charming common, where all the sports went on, and where the boys of the district, pursuing their various pastimes with much cheerful noise and spirits, inflamed me—but too often detained within, as punishment for idleness—to the verge of frenzy. Then I would see—taking a furtive glance askance from the Roman history—that the gentlemanly Darbyshire boys—"young princes," Miss Simpson held them up to us, for their genteel deportment—were playing "prisoners' base," or, more seductive still, flying the kite.

The advantages which residence in France was supposed to offer for educational purposes were not lost sight of. All masters available were duly "laid on," as it were, to supplement Miss Simpson, whose very universal range of accomplishments, of course, precluded her from having a very profound acquaintance with any special branch. I think, however, she secretly rather resented this introduction, though there was an indemnity in the visits of the professors. Their variety lent a piquancy to the day's routine.

When the young ladies received their lessons she always assisted, in right of her office. The French master's name was M. Bernard, quite a picture, semi-ecclesiastical; with a white neckcloth, to which starch was unknown, swathed about his neck on the hottest days, and secured firmly by a hair brooch set round with imitation diamonds. I am thus particular because I had often studied him minutely. He had a long blue coat; his head was bald; he

had that amiable soft way of talking, and chirping air of general assent to everything that we see in old gentlemen on the French boards. He arrived every second day, having a few pupils on the Côte, showing the usual signs of intense heat. To say that his knowledge of English was merely imperfect would be too indulgent a compliment, it being very much akin to the language in which the British sailor converses with the Chinese. But, with the innate gallantry of a Frenchman, he was always recognising "Mees Seemsong's" presence—was she not a sister, too, in his profession?—by politely taking her, as it were, into the lesson. And a favourite formula of his was, after a pinch of snuff, which he carefully brushed off the starchless neckcloth with the back of his little finger, "Mais pour ces choses là, mon enfant, Mademoiselle Seemsong, vous dira tout après." Miss Simpson always knew the meaning of this phrase, much as the native Sepoys pick up British words of command, and would smile and nod and murmur, "Wee. Je ferry! Now, Mary, attend to what Moosier Bernard says." With the "petites dames," it must be said, he got on excellently. There was that laudable emulation, which seems more found among girls, to have their "themes" ready—"dictées" he called them—besides a pride which, I think, was unaccountably wanting in myself and other contemporaries of my acquaintance. We only gave grudging measure, and any device was greedily seized to shirk work. He would at times lose temper, and make me a long, impassioned, chalcureuse discourse, as if he were in a pulpit. He used gestures and a variety of tones, telling me that I had a "léthargie incroyable," and also really seemed to hint that the certain and ultimate doom in store for me was an ignominious end—I suppose the French guillotine, if my disgraceful career terminated in his country. All this I gathered from his manner more than from his words, though I was picking up French in an astonishing way, from clandestine association with what were called the "low boys" of the place. Every month M. Bernard's modest stipend was paid him, with a little solemnity and circumstance which gratified him not a little, he coming in uniform, as it were—his Sunday coat, a genuinely starched tie, and no hair brooch—the absence of that ornament being, strange to say, his grandest tenue. Then he was received in the drawing-room, announced by the too-familiar John as "Meshew Bernard," and after the inter-

passage of a sealed envelope, cake and English "sherri" were introduced—it always made him cough and me laugh—the whole concluding with my being abruptly hurried out to a cell. He used sometimes to moralise over me in my own presence, first blowing his nose and then looking fixedly into the handkerchief as if remarking there something quite unusual. "A ce que me parait, madame, cet enfant là a un naturel effréné qu'il faut tenir à main bride. Mais j'espère"—sip from the glass of sherri—"que le bon Dieu—qu'enfin les prières de sa bonne mère," &c. &c. Then seeing the consternation this denunciation caused, as it were hinting at crimes that he could not disclose, he would change his note altogether. "Poah! We must have courage, madame. He has a brave spirit. We shall make a man of him! As for the good boys, I would not give *that* for them. Puer bonæ indolis. Il a de l'esprit, mais il faut seulement le faire border!"

Now I see Mr. John showing in another gentleman, the professor of music, M. Belcour, a handsome young man with long brown hair, which he tossed a good deal. To him Miss Simpson's manner was quite different, being curt and haughty to the last degree, as though she suspected him. We could not understand the motive of this, which was indeed only a frail guard for her unprotected heart. The handsome Belcour had, indeed, subdued it to his own. Not that he cared for *that* cheap victory—a governess, indeed! He dreamed of the great English countess, with an estate in the rich fat England, among "ces gens de bierre et puddin." He was full of sentiment, and made his dark eyes roll for practice. He used to play with frantic energy, "splashing" the notes about, as it were, with his eyes on the ceiling. He had this singularity, he would teach nothing but his own music, bringing "them little wisps o' songs," as Mr. John happily described them, a picture of a mournful young man on the title, following a flight of birds with an inexpressible look of depression. "RÊVE DE BONHEUR," it was called; and I remember the morning that he brought it, presenting it with an infinite homage and melancholy empressment to the head of the house, conveying that it had been composed expressly in her honour. He fancied, I think, that the vast estates of which he dreamed were somewhere, for there was an air of substantial comfort, not to say luxury—wine from England, &c.—which beguiled him. Later

it was discovered the *Rêve de Bonheur* had been presented, with a similar declaration of its production, to several ladies during the last three or four years. He was too romantic for the humble sphere he moved in: actual instruction formed a very small portion of his school of teaching, the main principle of which was to ramble in a dreamy way over the chords, to play and sing "little things of his own." When at last he was firmly remonstrated with upon this unprofitable system, he answered haughtily that, "as it seemed to him, there was a disposition to find fault?"—"Well, scarcely that—" "Yes yes, there was. Let it end, then; it was a mere slavery. He could not teach these children; they had no esprit, no emotion—point d'âme!"

This unwarrantable attack produced quite a new tone, and a quiet dismissal; on which M. Belcour quite lost his temper, behaved like an enraged one, held out a wrist that quivered as he proclaimed that he had been treated "brutally," and quite unconsciously revealed a not too-white shirt, with very saw-like edges. He withdrew for ever, but the next day sent in a charge for two francs fifty cents, for a piece of music, which was duly sent to him. Later a mysterious story reached the house—brought, I believe, by M. Bernard—and which, from the secrecy and awful looks, we concluded was nothing less than Housebreaking, or a great case of Arson; but I believe the real truth was, that the music-publisher's wife—ahem!—"ce pauvre Schneider!" said M. Bernard—which must have referred to an elopement of some description.

M. Belcour's successor was quite a different sort of man, a half German, Weimar by name, stout, red-faced, yellow-haired, and lame. He always seemed to be fragrant of cherry-brandy; not that I had made acquaintance yet with that agreeable liqueur, but it seemed to have an air of familiarity. He sometimes indirectly apologised for introducing that aroma, laying it on "the heat of the day." He was a great professor, in heavy practice, and had the duty of teaching three times a week, at contract price, the young ladies of a convent close by. This simple fact accounted for the almost malignant hostility of Belcour, whom the thought of the various young English heiresses there pursuing their education, inflamed to madness. M. Weimar was a true anchorite, and cared only for his piano, after, of course, his well-known *Harmonies Pratiques*, a vast work, of which he had done only the first number, and in which he

intended to give specimens of modulations from every known key into every other. This, on the doctrine of permutation, involved a vast amount of paper and notes, and he had only ventured on what he called "mon premier cahier." I confess I was delighted with this specimen of harmony; for there was in my abandoned nature this redeeming point, an intense love of music, and of harmonies and modulations. Here was a new realm; and while he showed, with skilful touch, how to pass from the key of A minor into C, by some skilful but exquisite transitions, I would steal up and listen, rapt. (We had subscribed for two copies of the work, and I am looking at them now.) He had never noticed me, as being quite out of his world, as it might be a stringless and bridgeless violin; but one day when he came, as usual very warm, and found me, all unconscious, sitting at the piano, with his *Harmonies Pratiques* open before me, and striving desperately to work from A minor into C, he entered softly, and, it may be, recognising a blending chord, called out, "C sharp, boy!" He thrust one large hand over mine, and crashed down the right notes. "What do you know?" he said; "have you learned? Surely that Simpson—"

"No," I said; "but O, sir, this is so beautiful!"

After that, though he did not like strangers in the room, he would often say, "Let him stay."

I see him now, sitting at one side—the juvenile player he was instructing with her face anxiously put close to the music, the small hands jerking spasmodically, grasshopper-like—his round figure, in a snuff-brown coat (and some cheap Order too), stooped inwards, while his pencil pointed laboriously, and head emphasised his movements. Of a sudden he had unconsciously pushed himself into the place, and had played it off in a bold rattling style. With Miss Simpson he was not at all popular, for to her he was blunt and gruff in his manner, being sure, if any one came in with a message to her, to turn round and call out sharply, "Do keep silence, please! How can I teach if that is to go on?"

"Really so ungentlemanlike in his tone," Miss Simpson would protest. "I don't know where he can have been brought up."

This feeling, too, was owing to another

reason; for at an early period of his tuition he had said despotically, "Tell me who is to look after these children and see that they practise all that I shall drill them in?"

"O, Miss Simpson, of course—she plays very nicely herself."

"What does she play? Then here, mademoiselle, sit down—let us have your *cheval de bataille*, please."

Miss Simpson shrank away. She had a horse of battle, Through the Wood, a popular air of her day, much sung at Exeter, her natal town, and arranged with variations—six I believe—by the ingenious Hertz. "O, really, sir!" she began.

"Just as you please," he said, turning away; "it was for the interest of the pupils I asked."

Scandalised authority had now to intervene: "Miss Simpson, I must request you will be kind enough to let M. Weimar hear you."

She went to the instrument. It was a fine piece, no doubt, *Introduction Maestoso*, with sixteen pages to follow. She had barely struck the first two solemn chords, and had launched into the little gallopade up the piano, which always follows, when he quietly turned away:

"That will do," he said. "Thank you—quite enough. I see perfectly. So you waste your time on *that* stuff? Now if I teach mademoiselle, and am to make a player of her, I must lay down this fixed rule: that no one interferes or touches the piano when I am absent, by way of example. Does madame agree?" Of course madame had to agree, impressed with this sort of Abernethy plainness. "After all, you know he had the interests of the child at stake." Miss Simpson never forgave.

So he came and laboured, often staying three quarters beyond his stipulated hour, labouring, grinding, scolding, at times with a severity that brought tears to eyes; forcing those small fingers through the heavy loam of the great John Field's Concerto in B, still surly, still reeking of the cherry-brandy, until at last he had performed his promise, and made a player of his pupil. He must be long since gathered into the Havre earth, for he was then elderly; and I dare say it troubled his last moments to think he had not got beyond the opening number of his grand work, the *Harmonies Pratiques*.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.